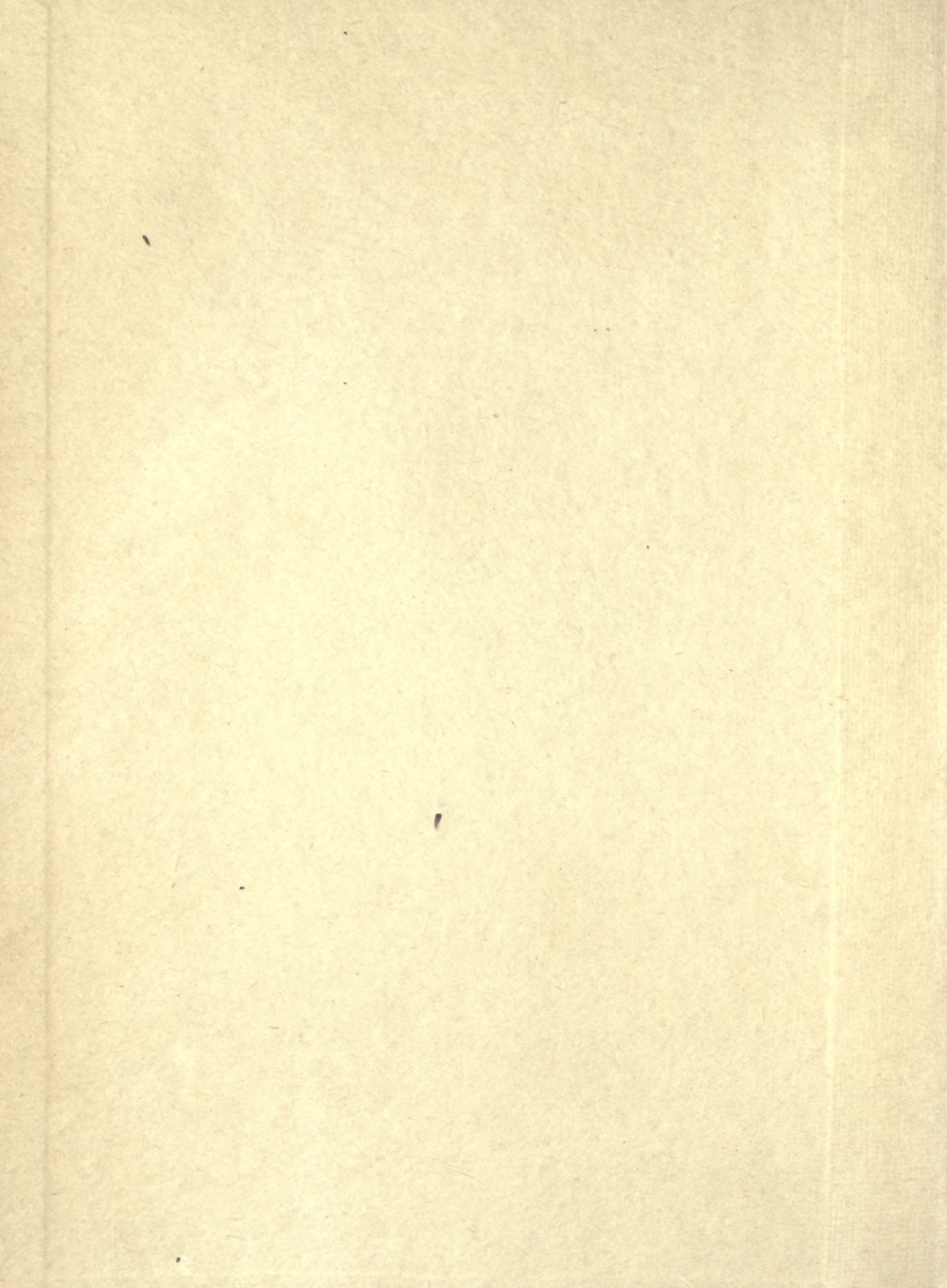


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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Downfall of
Robert Earl of Huntingdon

[by ANTHONY MUNDAY]

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THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

[Vol. 84.]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Downfall of
Robert Earl of Huntingdon

[by ANTHONY MUNDAY]

1601

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THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
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Robert Earl of Huntingdon

[by ANTHONY MUNDAY]


1601

This facsimile is from an original copy in the British Museum. There are other examples in Bodley and at South Kensington (Dyce).

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JOHN S. FARMER.



THE
DOWNFALL
OF ROBERT,
Earle of Huntington,

AFTERWARD CALLED
Robin Hood of merrie Sherwodde:
with his loue to chaste Matilda, the
Lord Fitzwaters daughter, afterwarde
his faire Maide Marian.


Acted by the Right Honourable, the Earle of
Notingham, Lord high Admirall of
England, his seruants.



Imprinted at London, for *William*
Leake, 1601.

DUPLICATE
Bridgew^r.Lib^r.





THE DOWN-FALL
of Robert, Earle of Huntington.

* *
*

¶ Enter Sir John Elcam, and knocke at Skeltons doore.
Sir John.

Ewe, maister Skelton: what at this houre
Opens the doore.
Skel. Welcome, and wisht for, honest Sir
John Elcam. I haue sent twice, & either time
he mist, that went to seeke you.

Elt. So full well hee might.
These two howers it pleas'd his Maiesty
To vse my seruice in suruaying Naples,
Sent ouer from the good king Ferdinand,
That to the Indies, at Sebastians sute,
Hath lately sent a Spanish Colonie.

Sk. Then twill trouble you, after your great affairs,
To take the paine that I intended to intreat you to,
About rehearfall of your promis'd play.

Elt. Pay maister Skelton: for the king himselfe,
As wee were parting, bid mee take great heede
Wee faile not of our day, therefore I pray
Sende for the rest, that now we may rehear.

Skel. They are readie all, and dyest to play.
What part play you?

Elt. Why? I play little Iohn,
And came of purpose with this greene sute.

A 2

Skel.

THE DOWN-FALL OF ROBERT
Skel. Holla my masters, little Iohn is come,

At every doore all the Players runne out, some crying where? where? others welcome sir *Iohn*, among other the boyes and Clowne.

Skel. Faith little Tracy you are somewhat fo:ward:
What, our Maid Marian leaping like a lab?
If you remensber, Robin is your loue:
Sir Thomas mantle ponder, not sir Iohn.

Clow. But master, sir Iohn is my fellowe, fo: I am Much, the Pillers sonne. Am I not?

Sk. I know yee are sir:
And gentlemen, since you are thus prepar'd,
Goe in, and bying your dumbe scene on the stage,
And I, as Prologue, purpose to expresse
The ground whereon our historie is laied.

Exeunt, manet *Skelton*.

Trumpets founde, enter first king *Richard* with drum and Auncient, giuing *Ely* a purse and scepter, his mother, and brether *Iohn*, *Chester*, *Lester*, *Lacie*, others at the kings appointment doing reuerence. The king goes in: presently *Ely* ascends the chaire, *Chester*, *Iohn*, and the Queene part displeasantly. Enter *Robert*, earle of *Huntington*, leading *Marian*, followes him *Warman*, and after *Warman* the Prior, *Warman* euer flattering and making curtisie, taking gifts of the Prior behinde, and his master before. Prince *Iohn* enters, offereth to take *Marian*. Queene *Elinor* enters, offering to pull *Iohn* from her; but they in folde each other, and sit downe within the curteines; *Warman* with the Prior, *sir Hugh Lacy*, Lord *Sensloe*, & *sir Gilbert Broghion* folde hands, and drawing the curteins, all (but the Prior) enter, and are kindly receiued by *Robin Hood*. The curteins are againe shut.

Sk. Sir Iohn, once moze, bid your dumbe shewes come in;

That

That as they pass I may expaine them all.

¶ Enter king *Richard* with drumme and Ensigne, giuing *Ely* a purse, and scepter, his mother and brother *Iohn*, *Chester*, *Leser*, *Lacie*, others at the kings appointment, doing reuerence. The king goes in.

Richard talde *Cor de Lyon* takes his leaue,
Like the *Lozds* Champion gainst the *Pagan* foes,
That spoyle *Iudea*, and rich *Palestine*.
The rule of *England* and his princely seate,
He leaues with *Ely*, then *Lozd* Chancelloz:
To whom the mother *Queene*, her sonne, prince *Iohn*,
Chester, and all the *Peers* are sworne,
Exit Richard cum militibus.

¶ *Ely* ascends the chaire, *Chester*, *Iohn* and the *Queene* part displeasantly.

Now reuerend, *Ely* like the deputie
Of *Gods* greate deputie ascends the throne:
Which the *Queene* mother, and ambitious *Iohn*
Repining at, rais'd many mutinies:
And how they ended you anon shall heare.

Exeunt omnes.

¶ Enter *Robert*, earle of *Huntington*, leading *Marian*, fol-
lowes him *Warman*, and after *Warman* the *Prior*, *War-*
man euer flattering, and making curtsie, taking gifts
of the *Prior* behinde, and his master before. Prince
Iohn enters, offereth to take *Marian*, *Queene* *Elinor*
enters, offering to pull *Robin* from her; but they in-
folde each other, and sit downe within the curtains,

This youth that leads you virgin by the hand
(As doth the *Sunne*, the morning richly clad)
Is our Earle *Robert*, or your *Robin* Hoode,
That in those daies, was Earle of *Huntington*.

The ill fact miser, by'd in either hand,
Is Warman, once the Steward of his house,
Who Iudas like betraies his liberall Lozd,
Into the hands of that relentlesse Prioze,
Calde Gilbert Hoode, uncle to Huntington:
Those two that seeke to part these louely friends,
Are Elenor the Queene, and Iohn the Prince,
She loues earle Robert, he maide Marian,
But vaine: for their deare affect is such,
As only death can sunder their true loues.
Long had they lou'd, and now it is agreed,
This day they must be troth-plight, after wed,
At Huntingtons faire house a feast is helde;
But enuie turnes it to a house of teares.
For those false guesstes, conspiring with the Prioze,
To whome earle Robert greatly is in debt,
Beane at the banquet to betray the Earle,
Unto a heauie wyte of outlawry.
The manner and escape you all shall see.

Elc. Which all, good Skelton?

Skel. Why all these lookers on:

Whom if we please, the king will sure be pleas'd.

Looke to your entrance, get you in sir Iohn. Exit sir Iohn.

By shift is long, for I play Friar Tuckes

Wherein if Skelton haue but any lucke

Deele thanke his hearers oft, with many a ducke.

For many talk of Robin Hood y neuer shot in his bowe,

But Skelton wrytes of Robin Hood what he doth truly

Therefore I pray yee, (knowe.

Contentedly stay yee,

And take no offending,

But sit to the ending.

Likewise I desire,

Yea would not admire

By rime so I shift.



Earle of Huntington.

Fo; this is my drift,
So mought I well thziue,
To make yee all bliche:
But if ye once frowne,
Dooze Skelton goes downe,
His labour and cost,
He thinketh all lost,
In tumbling of bookes
Of Mary goe lookes.
The Sheriffe with staues,
With catchpoles and knaues,
Are comming, I see,
High time tis for mee
To leane off my babble
And fond ribble rabble,
Therefore with this curtise
A while I will leaue yee.

¶ Enter, as it were in haste, the Prior of *Yorke*, the
Sheriffe, Iustice *Warman*, Steward to *Robin Hoode*.

Pri. Here master *Warman*, theres a hundred crowns,
Foz your good will and furtherance in this.

War. I thanke you my Lord *Prior*, I must away
To shunne suspicion, but be resolute,
And wee will take him, hane no doubt of it.

Pri. But is Lord *Sentloe* and the other come? (com)

War. Lord *Sentloe*, *sr Hugh Lacie*, & *sr Gilbert Brogh*.
Are there, and as they promist you last night,
Will helpe to take him, when the Sheriffe comes.

Pri. A while fare well, and thankes to them & you.
Come master Sheriffe, the outlawry is proclam'd,
Sende therefore quickly for moze companie,
And at the backe gate wee will enter in.

Sher. Wee shall haue much adoe I am afraid.

Pri. No, they are very merry at a feast,

The down-fall of Robert

A feast, where Marian, daughter to Lord Lacy,
Is troth-plighted to wastfull Huntington.
And at the feast, are my especiall friends,
Whom hee suspectes not: come weele haue him, man,
And for your paines, here is a hundred markes. Exeunt.
Sher. I thanke your Lordshippe, weele be diligent.

¶ Enter Robin Hood, little Iohn following him; the one
carle of Huntington, the other his seruant, Robin ha-
uing his napkin on his shoulder, as if hee were sodain-
ly raised from dinner.

Robin. As I am outlawed from my fame and state,
Be this day outlawed from the name of daies:
Day lucklesse, outlawe lawlesse, both accurst,
Flings away his napkin, hat, and sittech downe.

Iohn. Doe not forget your honouzable state,
Nor the true noblesse of your worthy house.

Rob. Doe not perswade mee: vaine as vanitie
Are all thy comforts, I am comfortlesse.

Iohn. Heare mee my Lord.

Rob. What shall I heare thee say?
Alreadie hast thou saide too much to heare.
Alreadie hast thou stabd mee with thy tongue,
And the wide wound with words will not be clos'd.
Am I not outlawed, by the Prior of Porke,
Proclam'd in Court, in citie, and in towne,
A lawlesse person: this thy tongue reports:
And therefore seeke not to make smooth my grieffe:
For the rough storme, thy windie words hath rais'd,
Will not be calm'd, till I in graue be laide.

Iohn. Haue patience yet.

Rob. Yea, now indeede thou speakest.
Patience hath power to heare a greater crosse
Then honours spoyle, or any earthly losse.

Iohn. Doe so my Lord.



Earle of Huntingdon.

Rob. I, now I would beginne:
But see, another Scene of griefe comes in.

Enter Marian.

Mar. Why is my Lord so sad? wherefore so soone,
So sodainely arose yee from the boarde?
Glas my Robin, what distemp'ring griefe
Drinckes by the roseat colour of thy cheekes?
Why art thou silent? answer mee my loue.

Rob. Let him, let him, let him make thee as sad.
Yee hath a tongue can banish thee from toy,
And chase thy crimson colour from thy cheekes.
Why speakest thou not? I pray thee little Iohn,
Let the short story of my long distresse
Be uttered in a word. What mean'st thou to protract?
Wilt thou not speake? then Marian list to mee.
This day thou wert a maide, and now a spowse,
None (poore soule) a widdowe thou must bee:
Thy Robin is an outlawe, Marian,
His goods and landes must be extended on,
Himselfe exile from thee, thou kept from him,
She sinkes in his armes.

By the long distance of unnumbred miles:
Faine'st thou at this? speake to mee Marian,
By olde loue newely met, parte not so soone,
Wee haue a little time to tarry yet.

Mar. If but a little time, let mee not stay,
Part mee to day, then will I dye to day.

Iohn. For shame my Lord, with courage of a man,
Bidle this ouer-greenuing passion,
Or else dissemble it, to comfort her.

Rob. I like thy counsell, Marian, cleare these clouds,
And with the sunny beames of thy bright eyes,
Drinke by these mistes of sorrowe that arise.

Mar. How can I ioy, when thou art banished?

Rob. I tell thee loue, my griefe is counterfaite;

B

And

The down-fall of Robert

And I abruptly from the table rose,
The banquet being almost at an ende,
Onely to dꝛiue confused and sad thoughts
Into the mindes of the invited guesstes.
For gentle loue, at greate or nuptiall feastes,
With Comicke spoꝛtes, or Tragicke stately plaies,
Whee vsle to recreate the feasted guesstes,
Which I am sure our kinsfolke doe expect.

Mar. Of this what then? this seemes of no effect.

Rob. Why thus of this, as little Iohn can tell,
I had bespoken quaint Comedians:
But greate Iohn, Iohn the Prince, my Lieges brother,
By riuall, Marian, he that cross our loue,
Hath cross mee in this test, and at the Court,
Imployes the Players, should haue made vs spoꝛt;
This was the tydings brought by little Iohn,
That first disturbd mee, and begot this thought
Of sodaine eysling, which by this I know
Hath with amazement, troubled all our guesstes:
Goe in, good loue, thou as the Chorus shalt,
Cryesse the meaning of my silent grieffe,
Which is no moꝛe but this; I only meane
(The moꝛe to honour our right noble friends)
By selfe in person, to present some Sceanes
Of tragiick matter, or perel'ance of mirth,
Euen such as first shall iumpe with my concept.

Mar. May I be bolde thou hast the worst expect?

Iohn. Faire mistresse, all is true my Lord hath said:

Rob. It is, it is.

Mar. Speake not so hollow then,
So sigh, and sadly speake true soꝛrowing men.

Rob. Beleeue mee loue, beleeue mee (I beseech)
By first Scene tragiick is, therefore tragicke speech,
And accents, fitting wofull action, I strue to get:
I pray thee sweete goe in, and with thy sight,

Am



Appeale the many doubts that may arise.
That done, be thou their vther, bying them to this place,
And thou shalt see mee with a lottie verse,
Bewitch the hearers eares, and tempt their eyes
To gaze vpon the action that I vse.

Mar. If it be but a play, Ile play my part:
But sure some earnest grieffe affrightes my heart.

John. Let mee intreate yee Hadam not to feare,
For by the honestie of little Iohn,
Its but a tragicke Scene we haue in hand,
Only to fit the humour of the Queene,
Who is the chiefest at your troth-plight feast.

Mar. Then will I fetch her Highnesse and the rest.

Rob. I, that same zealous Queene, whose dotting age
Enuies the choyce of my faire Marian,
She hath a hande in this.

John. Well, what of that?
Now must your honour leaue these mourning tunes,
And thus by my aceede you shall prouide,
Your Plate and Jewels Ile straight packe vp,
And toward Nottingham conuey them hence,
At Rowford, Sowtham, Wortley, Hothersfield:
Of all your cattell, mony shall be made,
And I at Mansfield will attend your comming,
Where weele determine, which waite's best to take.

Rob. Well be it so, a Gods name let it be:
And if I can, Marian shall come with mee.

John. Else care will kill her, therefore if you please,
At th'vmost cozner of the garden wall,
Soone in the evening waite for Marian,
And as I goe Ile tell her of the place,
Your hoxles at the Bell shall readie bee,
I meane Belsauage, whence as citizens
That meane to ride for pleasure some small way,
You shall set forth.

Rob. Be it as thou dost say.
 Farewell a while.
 In spite of griefe, thy loue compels mee smile:
 But now our audience comes, wee must looke sad.
 Exit Iohn.

¶ Enter Queene Elinor, Marian, Seniloe, Lacie, Brogh-
 ton, Warman, Robins Stewarde. As they meete, Iohn
 whispers with Marian.

Que. How now my Lord of Huntington?
 The mistresse of your loue, faire marian,
 Tels vs your sodaine rising from the banquet,
 Was but a humoz, which you meane to purge,
 In some high Tragick lines, or Comick tests.
 Ro. Sit down faire Queen (þ Prologues part is playd,
 marian hath tolde yee, what I had her tell)
 Sit downe Lord Seniloe, cousin Lacy sit,
 Sir Gilbert Brogh-ton, yea, and Warman sit;
 Though you my steward be, yet for your gathering wit,
 I giue you place, sit downe, sit downe I say,
 Sets them all downe.

Gods pittie sit; it must, it must be so:
 For you will sit, when I shall stande I knowe.
 And marian (you) may sit among the rest,
 I pray yee doe, or else rise, stand apart,
 These helps shall be beholders of my smart.
 You that with rucklike eyes my sorowes see,
 And came prepar'd to feast at my sad fall,
 Whose enuie, greedinesse, and tealouffe
 Afforde mee sorowe endlesse, comfort small,
 Knowe what you knewe before, what you ordaind
 To crosse the spousall banquet of my loue,
 That I am outlawed by the Prior of Pothe,
 My traiterous vncke, and your trochlesse friend.

Smile

Earl of Huntingdon.

Smile you Queene Elinor? laugh it thou Lord Sentloe?
Lacy look it thou so blithe at my lament?
Broughton a smooth browe graceth your sterne face:
And you are merry Warman at my moone.
The Queene except, I doe you all despise.
You are a sort of lawning Sycophants,
That while the sun shine of my greatnesse dur'd;
Reueld out all my day for your delights,
And now yee see the blacke night of my woe
Oshade the beautie of my smiling good,
You to my grieffe adde grtfe, and are agreed
With that false Prioz, to repprue my toyes
From execution of all happynesse.

War. Your honour thinks not ill of mee, I hope.

Rob. Iudas speakes first, with, master is it I:
No, my false Steward, your accounts are true,
You haue dishonoured mee, I worship you.
You from a paltry pen and inkhorne clarke,
Bearing a buckram satchell at your belt,
Unto a Justice place I did preferre,
Where you vniustly haue my tenants rackt,
Wasted my treasure, and increast your stoz.
Your sire contented with a cottage pooze,
Your master shippe hath halles and mansions built,
Yet are you innocent, as cleare from guilt,
As is the rauinous mastife that hath spilt
The bloode of a whole flocke, yet lily comes
And couches in his kennell, with smeard chaps,
Out of my house, for yet my house it is,
And followe him yee catchpole bribed groomes:
For neither are ye Lords, nor Gentlemen,
That will be hired to wrong a Nobleman:
For hir'd yee were, last night, I knowe it I,
To be my guests, my faithlesse guests this day,
That your kinde hosse you trothlesse might betray:

But hence, and helpe the Sheriffe at the dooze,
Your worst attempt: sell traitors, as you bee,
Quoide, or I will execute yee all,
Ere any execution come at mee, Runne away.
They ran away, so ends the tragedie.

Marian, by little Iohn, my minde you know,
If you will, doe: if not, why, be it so. Offers to goe in.

Qu. No words to me earle Robert ere you goe?

Rob. O to your Highnesse? yes, adieu proud Queene,
Had not you bene, thus pooze I had not beene. Exit.

Qu. Thou wrongst mee Robert, earle of Huntingdon,
And were it not for pittie of this maide,
I would reuenge the words that thou hast saide.

Mar. Adde not, faire Queene, distresse vnto distresse:
But if you can, for pittie make his lesse.

Que. I can and will forget deseruing hate,
And giue him comfort in this wofull state.

Marian, I knowe Earle Roberts whole desire

Is to haue thee with him from hence away:

And though I loued him dearely to this day:

Yet since I see hee dearlier loueth thee,

Thou shalt haue all the furtherance I may.

Tell mee faire girle, and see thou truly tell,

Whether this night, to morrowe, or next day,

There be no pointment for to mee te thy loue.

Mar. There is, this night there is, I will not lie,
And be it disappointed, I shall die.

Que. Alas pooze soule, my sonne, Wince Iohn my son,
With seuerall troupes hath circuted the Court,
This house, the citie, that thou canst not scape.

Mar. I will away with death, though he be grim,
If they deny mee to goe hence with him.

Qu. Marian, thou shalt go with him clad in my attire,
And for a shift, Ile put thy garments on,
It is not mee, my sonne Iohn doth desire:

But

Earle of Huntington.

But marian it is thee, he doteth on.
When thou and I are come into the field,
Or any other place where Robin staies,
See in thy clothes, the ambush will beset,
Thee in my robes they dare not once approach:
So while with mee a reasoning they stay,
At pleasure thou with him maist ride away.

mar. I am beholding to your Graciously,
And of this plot will sende my Robin worde.

Qu. Nay, neuer trouble him, leass it bzeede suspect:
But get thee in, and shift of thy attire,
My roabe is loose, and it will soone be off,
Ooe gentle marian, I will followe thee,
And from betrayer s hands will set thee free.

mar. I thanke your Highnesse, but I will not trust ye,
My Robert shall haue knowledge of this shift:
For I conceiue alreadye your deepe distrust.

Qu. Now shall I haue my will of Huntington,
Who taking mee this night for marian,
Will harry mee away in steade of her:
For hee dares not stand trifling to conferre:
Faith prettie marian I shall meete with you,
And with your louely sweete heart Robert too:
For when wee come vnto a battling place,
If with like loue my loue hee doe not grace,
Of treason capitall I will accuse him,
For traitterous forcing me out of the Court,
And guerdon his disdaine with guiltie death,
That of a Princes loue so lightly weighes.

Exit,

¶ Enter little Iohn, fighting with the Sheriffe and his men.

Warman perswading him.

To, Warman stand off, sitt tattle, tel not me what ye can do:
The goods I say are mine, and I say true.

War. I say the Sheriffe must see them ere they goe.

The down-fall of Robert

Ioh. You say so Warman, little Iohn saies no.

Shre. I say I must so; I am the kings Shyrene.

Ioh. Your must is false, your office I beleue.

Watch. Downe with him, downe with him.

Iohn. Ye barke at me like cures, but I will dotane

Watch twentie (stand, and who goe theres) of you,

If yee stand long tempting my patience.

Why master Shyrene, thinke you mee a foole?

What iustice is there you should search my trunks,

Or stay my goods so; that my master owes?

Shr. Here's Iustice Warman, steward to your Lord,

Suspectes some copie, some Jewels, or some plate

That longs vnto your Lord, are in your trunks,

And the extent is out for all his goods:

Therefore wee ought to see none be conuaid.

War. True little Iohn, I am the sozier.

Iohn. A plague vpon ye esse, how soze ye weepe:

Why, say thou bystart, that there were some helpe,

Some little little helpe in this distresse,

To aide our Lord and master comfortlesse;

As is thy part, thou screenfac't snotty nose,

To hinder him that gaue thee all thou hast?

¶ Enter Iustice *Warman's* wife, odly attyred.

Wife. Who's that husband? you, you, means he you?

War. I her Lady is it, I thanke him.

Wif. A ye kneue you, gods pittie hisband, why dis not
your worshipp sende the kneue to Newgate?

Ioh. Well master Sherriffe, shall I passe or no?

Sher. Not without search.

Ioh. Then here the casket stands,

Any, that dares, vnto it set their hands,

Let him beginne.

Wif. Doe hisband, you are a Paistie, ywarrant there's
olde knacks, cheins and other toys.

Iohn. But not for you, good Spadam beetle bowes.

Wife

Wife. Out vpon him. By my trusy maker Justice, and ye doe not clap him vp, I will sue a bill of remozse, and neuer come betweene a pere of sheetes with yee. Such a kneue as this, downe with him I pray.

Set vpon him, He knockes some downe.

Wife. A good Lord, come not neere good hisband, only charge him; charge him. A good God; helpe, helpe.

¶ Enter Prince *John*, the Bishoppe of *Ely*, the Prior of *Torke*, with others. All stay.

P. *John*. What tumult haue wee here: who doth resist
The kings wozies with such obstinate contempt:

Wife. This knaue.

War. This Rebell.

P. *John*. How now little *John*,
Haue you no more discretion than you shewe?
Ely. Lay holde, and clappe the traitor by the heeles.

John. I am no traitor, my good Lord of *Ely*.
First heare mee, then commit me if you please.

P. *Ioh*. Speake and be brieve.

Ioh. Heere is a little hore,
Containing all my gettings twentie yeare;
Which is mine owne, and no mans but mine owne:
This they would rife, this I doe defend,
And about this we only doe contend.

P. *Ioh*. You voe the fellow wrong: his goods are his:
You only must extend vpon the Cattles.

Prior. That was my Lord; but nowe is Robert Hood,
A simple peoman as his seruants were.

Wife. Backe with that legge my Lord Prior:
There be some, that were his seruantes, thinke foule
scorne to be cald peomen.

Pri. I cry your worshippes mercy, mistresse Warman.
The squire your husband was his seruant once.

Ioh. A scurnie squire, with reuerence of these Lords,
wife.

Wife, Doo's he not speake treason pꝛep.

Ely. Dirra, yea are too laucie, get you hence.

War. But heare mee first, my Lords, with patience.

This scoffing carelesse fellowe, little Iohn,
Hath loaden hence a hozse, twirt him and Much,
A silly rude knaue, Much the millers sonne.

¶ Enter *Much*, clowne.

Much. I am here to answere for my selfe, and haue ta-
ken you in two lies at once. First, much is no knaue,
neither was it a hozse little Iohn and I loved, but a
littell curtaile, of some five handfuls high, sib to y^e Apr
onely beast at Parish garden.

Ioh. But master Warman, you haue loaden carts,
And turnd my Lords goods to your pꝛoper vse:
Who euer hath the right, you doe the wrong,
And are

Wife. What is hee knaue?

Ioh. Unworthy to be named a man.

Much. And Ile be sworne for his wife,

Wife. I, so thou maist Nich.

Much. That shee sets newe markes of all my olde La-
dies linnen (God rest her soule) & my young Lord ne-
uer had them since.

Wife. Out, out, I tooke him them but to whitening, as
God mende mee.

Ely. Leau off this idle talke, get yee both hence.

Iohn. I thanke your Honours: wee are not in loue wth
being here; wee must seeke seruice that are matter-
lesse.

Exeunt *Much, Iohn.*

Ely. Lord Bpior of Yorke, here's your commission.
You are best make speede, least in his country houses,
By his appoiment, all his heards be solde.

Pr. I thanke your Honour, taking humble leaue. Exit.

Ely. And master VVarman, here's your Patent seald.
For the high Sherifffewick of Notingham:

Et.

Earle of Huntington.

Except the king our master doe repeale
This gift of ours.

Pr. Ioh. Let him the while possesse it.

Ely. A gods name let him, he hath my good will. *Exit.*

P. Ioh. Well Warman, this proude Priest I can not
But to our other matter, send thy wife away. *(Swoke.*

War. Goe in god wife, the Prince with mee hath
ppriate conference.

Wife. By my troth yee will anger mee: now yee haue
the Paterne, yee should call mee nothing but mistresse
Sberitfe: for I tell you I stand vpon my replications.

Exit.

P. Ioh. Thinkest thou that Marian meanes
To scape this euening hence with Robin Hoode?
The hozle boy tolde mee so, and here he comes,
Disguised like a citizen me thinks.

Warman lets in, ile sit him presently,

Only for Marian am I now his enemy. *Exeunt.*

Enter Robin like a citizen.

Ro. Earle Iohn & Warman, two good friends of mine:

I thinke they knewe mee not, or if they did
I care not what can followe, I am sure
The sharpest ende is death, and that will come.

But what of death or sorrowe doe I dreame?

By Marian, my faire life, my beacious loue,

Is comming, to giue comfozt to my grieffe,

And the Sly Queene, intending to deceiue,

Hath taught vs how we should her sleighes deceiue.

But who is this? gods pittie, here's a Prince Iohn,

We shall haue some good rule with him anone.

P. Ioh. God euen sir: this cleare euening should portend

Some frost I thinke: how iudge you honest friend?

Rob. I am not weathervise: but it may be,

Wee shall haue hard frost: for true charitie,

Good dealing, faithfull friendship, honestie,

The down-fall of Robert

See chll-colbe, weaue with colde.

P. Ioh. O good sir, stay.

That frost hath lasted many a bitter day.

Knowe yee no frozen hearts that are belou'd?

Rob. Loue is a flame, a fire, that being mou'd,

Still brighte growes: but say, are you belou'd?

P. Ioh. I would be, if I be not: but passe that.

Are ye a dweller in this citie, pray?

Rob. I am: and for a Gentlewoman stay,

That rides some foure or five mile in great haste.

¶ Enter Queene, *Marian*.

P. Ioh. I see your labour, sir, is not in waste.

For here come two: are either of these yours?

Rob. Both are, one must.

P. Ioh. Which doe you most respect?

Rob. The youngest, and the fairest I relect.

P. Ioh. Robin, He try you whether yee say true.

Rob. As you with mee, so Iohn He least with you.

Qu. *Marian*, let me goe first to Robin Hood,

And I will tell him what wee doe intend. *(mine)*

War. Doe what your Highnesse please, your will is

P. Ioh. My mother is with gentle *Marian*:

It doth grieue her to be left behinde.

Qu. Shall we away my Robin, least the Queene
Betray our purpose, sweete let vs away:

I haue great will to goe, no heart to stay.

Rob. Away with thee: go: get thee farre away

From mee foule *Marian*, faire though thou be nam'd:

For thy bewitching eyes haue raised stormes,

That haue my name and nobleste euer sham'd:

Wince Iohn, my deare friend once, is now, for thee,

Become an vrelenting enemie,

P. Ioh. But He relent, and loue thee, if thou leaue her.

Rob. And *Elinor* my Soueraignes mother Queene,

That yet retaines true passion in her breast,

Stands

Earle of Huntington.

Stands mourning yonder. Hence, I thee detest:
I will submit mee to her Maiestie.
Greate Princesse, if you will but ride with mee,
A little of my way, I will expresse
My folly past, and humble pardon begg.

Mar. I grant, earle Robert, and I thanke thee too.

Qu. She's not the Queene, sweets Robin it is I.

Rob. Hence Sozceresse, thy beauty I desire.

If thou haue any loue at all to mee,
Bestowe it on Prince Iohn: he loueth thee.

Exeunt Robin, marian.

P. Ioh. And I will loue thee Robin, for this neede,
And helpe thee too, in thy distressefull neede.

Qu. Wilt thou not stay nor speake, proud Huntington?
By mee, some whirlewinde hurries them away.

P. Ioh. Follow him not faire loue, that from thee flies:

But stie to him that gladly follows thee.

Wilt thou not gyle? turnst thou away from mee?

Qu. Nay, we shall haue it then,
If my queint sonne, his mother geth to court.

P. Ioh. Wilt thou not speake, faire marian, to prince Iohn,
That loues thee well?

Qu. Good sir I know you doe,

Prin. That can maintaine thee?

Qu. I, I know you can:

But hitherto I haue maintained you.

Prin. By princely mother?

Qu. I, my princely sonne.

Prin. As marian then gone hence with Huntington?

Qu. I, she is gone, till may they either thriue.

Prin. Whether, they must goe whom the diuell vtues.

For your sharpe furie, and infernall rage,

Your scoorne of mee, your spite to marian,

Your ouer-dotting loue to Huntington,

Wath croff your selfe, and mee it hath vndone.

The down-fall of Robert

Qu. I, in mine owne deceipt, haue met deceipt:
In brieft, the manner thus I will repeate;
I knewe, with malice that the P^roz of Pozke
Pursu'd Earle Robert; and I surdred it;
Though God can tell for loue of Huntington.
For thus I thought, when he was in extreames;
Neeede, & my loue would winne some good regarde
From him to mee, If I relseu'd his want.
To this end came I to the mock-spouse feast:
To this end made I change for marians weede,
That me, for her, Earle Robert shoul'd receiue:
But now I see they both of them agreed,
In my deceipt, I might my selfe deceiue.
Come in with mee, come in and meditate
How to turne loue, to neuer changing hate. Exit.

Prin. In by your selfe: I passe not for your spels.
Of youth and beautie still you are the foe:
The curse of Rosamond rests on your head,
Faite Rose confounded by your cankers hate.
O that he were not as to mee she is,
A mother, whom by nature I must loue,
Then would I tell her shee were too too base,
To dote thus on a banisht carelesse groome;
Then should I tell her that shee were too fond,
To thrust faire marian to an exiles hand.

¶ Enter a messenger from Ely.

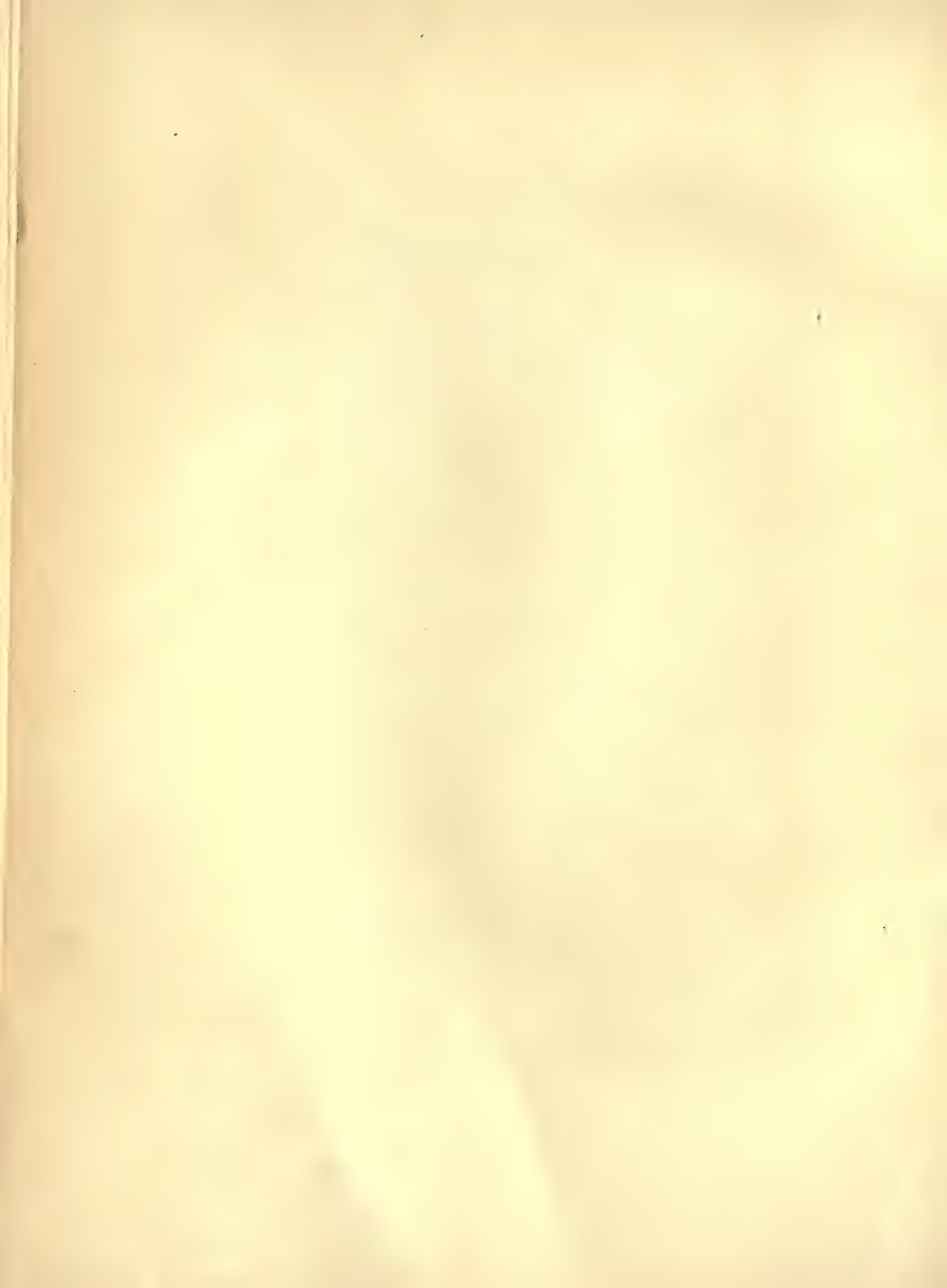
mess. My Lord, my Lord of Ely sends for you,
About important businesse of the state.

Prin. Tell the p^roude Prelate I am not dispos'd,
Nor in estate to come at his commaunde.

Smite him, hee bleedes.

We gon with that, or carry and take this.
I'wons are yee listning for an after-arraunt?
Ile followe, with reuengefull murtherous hate,
The banisht, beggerd, bankrot Huntington.

Enter



¶ Enter *Simon, earle of Leicester.*

Ley. How now *Prince Iohn's* bodie of mee, I muse
What mad moodes tolde yee, in this busie time,
To wound the messenger that *Ely* sent,
By our consents: yfaith yee did not well.

Prin. Leyster, I meant it *Ely*, not his man:
His seruants heade but bleed: hee headlesse shall
From all the issues of his traitor necke,
Poure streames of bloode, till he be bloodlesse left:
By earth it shall, by heauen it shall be so,
Leister, it shall though all the world say no.

Lei. It shall, it shall, but how shall it be done:
Not with a stormie tempest of sharpe words,
But slowe, still speaches, and effecting deedes.
Here comes olde *Lacy* and his brother *Hugh*.
One is our friend, the other is not true.

¶ Enter *Lord Lacy, sir Hugh, and his boy.*

Lacy. Hence trechor as thou art: by Gods blessing
Ile lop thy legges off, though thou be my brother,
If with thy flatering tongue thou seeke to hide
Thy traitterous purpose. Ah poore *Huntington*,
How in one houre haue villaines thee vndone?

Hugh. If you will not beleue what I haue sworne,
Conceipt your worst. My Lord of *Ely* knowes
That what I say, is true.

La. Still facest thou:

Drawe boy, and quickly see that thou defende thee.

Lei. Patience *Lord Lacy*, get you gon *sir Hugh*,
Prouoke him not, for he hath tolde you true:
You knowe it, that I knowe the *Prior of Yorke*,
Together with my good *Lord Chauncelloz*,
Corrupted you, *Lord Sentloe*, *Broughton*, *Warman*,
To feast with *Robert* on his day of fall.

Hugh. They lie that say it; I desie yee all.

Prin. Now by the Rode thou lyest. *Warman* himselfe,

That creeping Iudas, toyed, and tolde it mee.

Lacy. Let mee, my Lords, reuenge me of this wretch,
By whome my saughter and her loue were lost.

Prin. For her, let mee reuenge: with bitter cost,
Shall Sir Hugh Lacy and his fellowes buy
Fairer Marians losse, lost by their treachery.
And thus I pay it.

Stabs him, he falles, boy runnes in,

Leist. Sure payment Iohn:

Lacy. There let the villaine lie:

For this, olde Lacie honours thee, p[ri]nce Iohn.
One trecherous soule, is sent to answer wrong.

¶ Enter Ely, Chester, officers, Hugh Lacies boy.

Boy. Here, here, my Lord,

Looke where my master lies.

Ely. What murderous had hath kild this gentle knight,
Good Sir Hugh Lacy, steward of my lands?

Prin. Ely, he died by this princely hand.

Ely. Unprincely deed. Death as the ch death you know.

Ely. Arrest him officers,

Prin. Sir, He obey; you will take baile, I hope.

Chest. tis more, Sir, than hee may.

Lei. Chester, he may by lawe, and therefore shall.

Ely. Who are his baile?

Lei. I.

Lacy. And I.

Ely. You are confederates.

Prin. Holy Lord, you lye.

Chest. Be reuerent, Prince Iohn: my Lord of Ely,
You knowe, is Regent for his Maestie.

Prin. But here are Letters from his Maestie,
Sent out of Ioppa, in the holy land,
To you, to these, to mee, to all the State;
Containing a repeale of that large graunt,

And

Earle of Huntington.

And free authoritie to take the seale,
Into the hands of three Lords temporall,
And the Lord Archbishoppe of Roan, he sent.
And hee shall yielde it: as Lacy lies,
Desertfully, for pride and treason stabd,
He shall ere long lye. Those that intend as I
Followe this steely ensigne, lift on high.

Lifts vp his drawne sword:

Exit, cum Lester and Lacy.

Ely. A thousand thousand ensignes of sharpe Steele,
And feathered arrowes, from the bowe of death,
Against proud Iohn, wrongd Ely will imploy.
My Lord of Chester, let mee haue your aide,
To lay the pride of haute vsurping Iohn.

Chest. Some other course than warre let vs bethinke:
If it may be, let not vnciuill hzoiles,
Our ciuill hands defile.

Ely. God knowes that I,
For quiet of the Realme, would ought forbear:
But giue mee leaue, my noble Lord to feare,
When one, I dearely lou'd, is murdered,
Under the colour of a little wrong,
Done to the waitfull earle of Huntington:
Whom Iohn, I knowe, doth hate vnto the death,
Only for loue he beares to Lacies daughter.

Chest. My Lord, its plaine this quarrel is but picke
For an inducement to a greater ill:

But wee will call the Counsell of Estate,
At which the mother Queene shall present be:
Thither by summons shall Prince Iohn be calld,
Lester and Lacy, who, it seemes,
Fauour some factious purpose of the Prince.

Ely. You haue aduised well, my Lord of Chester,
And as you counsell, so doe I conclude. Exeunt.

D

Enter

The down-fall of Robert

¶ Enter Robin Hood, Matilda, at one doore, little Iohn,
and Much the millers sonne at another doore.

Much. Luck I beseech thee, Harry and amen,
Blessing betide hem, it be them indeede,
Oh my good Lord, for and my little Ladie.

Rob. What? Much and Iohn, well met in this ill time.

Ioh. In this good time my Lord; for being met,
The world shall not depart vs till wee die.

Mat. Saist thou mee so Iohn; as I am true maide,
If I liue long, well shall thy loue be paid.

Much. Well, there be on vs, simple though wee stand
here, haue as much loue in hem as little Iohn.

Mat. Much, I confesse thou louest mee very much,
And I will moze reward it than with words.

Much. May I know that, but wee millers children
loue the cogge a little, and the faire speaking.

Rob. And is it possible that Warmans spitt
Should stretch so farre, that he doth hunc the liues,
Of bonnie Scarlet, and brother Scathlock.

Much. O, I sir. Warman came but yester day to take
charge of the Iaile at Nottingham, and this day he saies
he will hang the two outlawes: he meanes to set them
at libertie.

Mat. Such libertie God send the piteous wretch
In his most neede.

Rob. Now by my honours hope,
Yet buried in the lowe dust of disgrace,
He is too blame: say Iohn, where must they die?

Ioh. Ponders their mothers house, and here the tree,
Whereon (poore men) they must forgoe their liues:
And yonder comes a lazie, lozell Frier,
That is appointed for their confessor,
Who when we brought your monie to their mothers:
Was wishing her to patience for their deaths.

Enter

Earle of Huntington.

¶ Enter Frier Tucke, and Ralphe, *Warman's man.*

Ra. I am timorous sir, that the prigioners are passed
from the Jaile.

Fri. Soft sirra, by my order I protest,
We are too so; ward: tis no game, no least
We goe about.

Rob. Matilda, walke afoze,
To widowe Scarlets house: looke where it stands:
Much, man your Ladie: little Iohn and I
Will come unto you thither presently.

Much. Come Madame, my Lord has pointed the pro-
perer man to goe befoze pee.

Mat. Be carefull Robin in this time of feare,

Exit *Much, Matilda.*

Fri. Now by the reliques of the holy Masse,
A prettie girle, a very bonny lasse.

Rob. Frier, how like you her?

Fri. Marry, by my hooke,
I like her well, and with her nought but good.

Rafe. Pee protract master Frier. I obsecrate ye with
all curtesie, omitting complement, you would vouch,
or deigne to proceede.

Fri. Deigne, vouch, protract, complement, obsecrate?
Why good man tricks, who taught you thus to prate?
Pour name, your name, were you neuer chizitned?

Ra. My nomination Radulfe is or Ralph,
Ulgats corruptly vse to call mee Rafe.

Fri. O foule corruption of base palliardize,
When idiots witlesse trauell to be wise.
Age barbarous, times impious, men vicious,

Able to vpraise,
Ben deade many daies,
That wonted to praisse,
The Rimes and the laies
Of Poets Laureate,

The down-fall of Robert

Whose verbe did decorate,
And their lines Instrate
Both Prince and Potentate,
These from their graues,
See asses and knaues,
Base idiot slaues,
With boastings and bzaues,
Offer to vpsie,
To the heauens hie,
With vaine foolery,
And rude ribaldry.
Some of them write
Of beastly delight,
Suffering their lines,
To flatter these times,
With Pandarisme base,
And lust doe vncafe,
From the plackes to the pappe:
God lend them ill happe.
Some like quaint pedants,
Good wits true recreants,
Vee cannot beseech
From pure Priscian speech.
Diuers as nice,
Like this odde vice,
Are wordmakers dally.
Others in curtsie
When euer they meete vee,
With newe fashions greece vee,
Chaunging each congee,
Sometime beneath knees,
With, good sir, pardon mee,
And much moze foolerie,
Walery, and foppyy,
Dissembling knauery:



Earle of Huntington.

Hands sometime kissing,
But honestie missing.
God giue no blessing,
To such bale counterfaying.

Ioh. Stoppe master Skelton: whither will you runne?
Fri. Gods pittie sir Iohn Elkam, little Iohn,
I had forgotte my selfe; but to our play.
Come, good man fashions, let vs goe our way,
Unto this hanging businesse I would, for mee,
Some rescue, or repreeue might set them free.

Exeunt Frier, Ralph.

Robin. Heardst thou not, little Iohn, y^e friers speech,
Asking for rescue, or a quicke repreeue?

Ioh. He seemes like a good fellowe, my good Lord.

Rob. He's a good fellowe Iohn, vpon my word.
Lend mee thy hozne, and get thee in to Much,
And when I blowe this hozne, come both & helpe mee.
Ioh. Take heed my Lord: y^e villane Warman knows you,
And ten to one, he hath a wyte against you. (dwell,

Rob. Fear not: below y^e hzidge a poore blind man doth
With him I will change my habit, and disguise,
Only be readie when I call for yee:
For I will sauz their liues, if it may bee.

Ioh. I will doe what you would immediatly.

¶ Enter Warman, Scarlet, and Scablock bounde, Frier
Tuck as their confessor, Officers with halberts.

War. Master Frier, be bylese, delay no time:
Scarlet and Scablock, neuer hope for life,
Here is the place of execution,
And you must answere lawe, for what is done.
Scar. Well, if there be no remedie, we must
Though it ill seemeth Warman, thou shouldst bee

The down-fall of Robert

So bloodie to pursue our liues thus cruellie.

Scar. Our mother sau'd thee frō y^e gallowes, Warman,
His father did preferre thee to thy Lozd:

One mother had wee both, and both our fathers,
To thee and to thy father, were kinde friends.

Fri. Good fellowes, here you see his kindnesse ends;
What he was once, hee doth not now consider:

You must consider of your many liues:

This day, in death, your happinesse beginnes.

Scar. If you account it happinesse, good Friar,
To heare vs companie, I you desire:

The moze the merrier, wee are honest men.

War. We were first outlaws, then ye prooued theenes,
And now all carelesly yee scoffe at death:

Both of your fathers were good honest men;

Your mother liues, their widowe, in good fame:

But you are scapethiftes, vathrises, villanes knaues,
And as yee liu'd by shifts, shall die with shame.

Scar. Warman, good words, for all your bitter deedz:
All speech, to wretched men, is moze than needs.

¶ Enter Raphe, running.

Ra. Sir, retire yee, for it hath thus succeeded, the car-
nifex, or executoz, riding on an ill curtall, hath tituba-
ted or stumbled, and is now crippleded, with broken or
fracted sibiards, & sending you tidings of successe, saith,
your selfe must be his deputie.

War. All luck; but sirra, you shall serue the turne:
The cords that binde them, you shall hang them in.

Ra. How are you, sir, of mee opiniated? Not to possesse
your seneschalshyp, or sheriualtie, not to be earle of
Notingham, will Ralph be nominated by the base scan-
dalous vociferation of a hangman.

¶ Enter Robin Hoode, like an old man.

Rob. Where is the thriue, kinde friends? I you beseech,
With his good worshipp, let mee haue some speech.

Fri,

Earle of Huntington.

Fri. Here is the Sheriffe, father, this is hee.

Rob. Frier. good alms, & many blessings thank thee,

Sir, you are welcome to this troublous heere:

Of this daies execution did I heare.

Scarlet and Scathlocke murdered my young sonne,

Hee haue they robbd, and helplessly vndoone.

Revenge I would, but I am olde and dzy:

Wherefoze, sweete master, for saint charitie,

Since they are bound, deliuer them to mee,

That for my sons blood, I reueng'd may bee.

Scar. This old man lies, we nere did him such wrong.

Rob. I doe not lie, you wote it too too well,

The decde was such, as you may shame to tell.

But I with all intreats might not preuaile

With your sterne stubbozne mindes, bent all to blood.

Shall I haue such reuenge then master Sheriffe,

That with my sonnes losse, may suffice my selfe?

Robin whispers with them.

War. Doe father what thou wilt, for they must die.

Fri. I neuer heard them toucht with bloode till now.

War. Notozious villanes, & they made their brags,

The earle of Huntington would saue their lues:

But hee is downe the winde, as all such shall,

That reuell, wast and spende, and take no care.

Rob. By hozne once winded, He vnbinde my belt,

Whereat the swords and bucklers are fast tied.

Scath. Thankes to your Honour. Father we confesse,

And were our armes vnbounde, we would vphaeue

Our sinfull hands with sozrowing hearts to heauen.

Ro. I will vnbinde you, with the Sheriffes leaue.

War. Doe: helpe him Ralphe; go to them master Frier.

Robin. And as yee blew your hozns, at my sons death,

So will I sound your knell, w my best breath:

Sound his horne.

And here's a blade, that hangeth at my belt,

D4

Shall

The down-fall of Robert

Shall make ye feele in death, what my sonne felt.

¶ Enter little *Iohn*, *Much*, *Scarlet* and *Scablock*: Fight: the Frier, making as if he helpt the Sheriffe, knockes downe his men, crying, keepe the kings peace.

Ralph. They must be hangd father:

Rob. Thy master and thy selfe supply their roomes, Warman, approach mee not, tempt not my wrath. For if thou doe, thou diest remedilasse.

War. It is the outlawed earle of Huntington, Downe with him Frier: oh thou dost mistake. Fly Ralph, wee die else, let vs raise the shire. Sheriffe runnes away, and his men.

Fri. Farewell earle Robert, as I am true Frier, I had rather be thy clarke, then serue the Prior.

Rob. A iolly fellowe, Scarlet knowest thou him?
Scar. Hee is of Pozke, and of Saint maries Cloister: There where your greedie vncke is Lord Prior.

Much. O murren on ye, haue you two scap't hanging? Harke yee my Lord, these two fellows kept at Barnsdale seauen yeres, to my knowledge, and no man

Rob. Here is no biding masters, get yee in, Take a shopt blessing at your mothers hands: Much, beare them companie, make Matilda merry: Iohn and my selfe will followe presently.

Iohn, on a sonaine thus I am resolu'd,
To keepe in Sheremoove, till the kings returne,
And being outlawed, leade an outlawes life.
(Seauen yeres these byethzen, being yeomens sons,
Lived and scap't the malice of their foes)

How thinkest thou little Iohn of my intent?

Iohn. I like your Honours purpose exceeding well.

Rob. Nay, no more honour, I pray thee little Iohn: Henceforth I will be called Robin Hoode,

Matilda

Earle of Huntington.

Maicilda shall be my maid Marian,
Come Iohn, friends all, for now begins the game:
And after our deserts, so growe our fame. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince Iohn and his Lords, with souldiers.

Prin. Now is this Comet shot into the sea,
Or lies like slime, vpon the sullen earth:
Come, he is deade, else should we heare of him.

Sal. I knowe not what to thinke herein, my Lord.

Fitz. Ely is not the man Iooke him for,
I am afrayde wee shall haue worse than hee.

Ioh. Why good Fitzwater, whence doth spring your fears?

Fitz. Him for his pride, we iustly haue suppress:
But prouder climbers are about to rise.

Sal. Name them Fitzwater, know you any such?

Ioh. Fitzwater meanes not any thing, I know:
For if he did, his tongue would tell his heart.

Fitz. An argument of my free heart, my Lord,
That lets the worlde be witness of my thought.
When I was taught, true dealing kept the schoole:
Deeds were sworne partners with professing wordes:
We said and did, these say and neuer meane.
This vsstart profession of no proofe:

This, I beseech you keepe accept my loue;
Command mee, vse mee, O you are too blame,
That doe neglect my euerlasting zeale,

My deare, my kinde affect: when God can tell,
A sodaine puffe of winde, a lightning flash,
A babble on the streame both longer dure,

Than doth the purpose of their promise bide,
I shame vpon this peevish Apish age,
These crouching hypocrite dissembling times.

Wee'll, well, God rid the Patrones of these crimes,
Out of this land. I haue an inward feare,
This ill, well seeming, sinne, will be bought deare.

E

Sal.

The down-fall of Robert

Salf. My Lord Fitzwater is inspir'd I thinke.

Prin. I, with some dinell; let the olde foole dote.

¶ Enter Queene mother, Chester, Sheriffe, Kent
souldiers.

Qu. From the pursuing of the hatefull Priest,
And bootlesse search of Ely are wee come.

Prin. And welcome is your sacred Matelie.
And Chester welcome too, against your will.

Chest. Unwilling men come not without constraint:
But uncompeld comes Chester to this place,
Telling thee Iohn, that thou art much too blame,
To chase hence Ely, Chaunceloz to the king,
To set thy foote-steppes on the cloath of state,
And seate thy body in thy brothers throne.

Salf. Who should succede the brother, but the brother?

Chest. If one were dead, one should succede another.

Qu. My sonne is king, my son then ought to reigne.

Fitz. One sonne is king, the State allows not twaine.

Salf. The subjects many yeares the king haue mist.

Chest. But subjects must not chuse what king they list.

Qu. Richard hath conquered kingdomes in the East.

Fitz. A Queene hee will not looke this in the West.

Salf. By Salsburies Honour I will follow Iohn.

Chest. So Chester will, to Gunne commotion.

Qu. Why? Iohn shall be but Richards deputie.

Fitz. To that, Fitzwater gladly doth agree.

And looke to't Lady, minde king Richards loue:

As you will answer't, doe the king no wrong.

Qu. Well said, old conscience, you keep still one long.

Prin. In your contentious humours noble Lords,

Peeres, and vpholders of the English State,

Iohn silent stood, as one that did awaite

What sentence yee determin'd for my life:

But since you are agreed that I shall heare

The weightie burthen of this kingdomes state,

Earle of Huntington.

Till the returne of Richard, our dread king:

I doe accept the charge, and thanke you all,

That thinke me worthe of so great a place.

All. Wee all confirme you Richards deputte.

Salf. How shall I plague proud Chester.

Qu. Sit you sure Firzwater.

Chest. For peace, I yeld to wzong.

Prin. How olde man, for your daughter.

Firz. To see wzog rule, my eyes run streams of water.

A noyse within.

¶ Enter a Collier, crying a monster.

Col. A monster, a monster: bring her out Robin, a monster, a monster. (art)

Salf. Peace gaping fellowe: knowest thou where thou

Col. Why? I am in Kent, within a mile of Douer.

Sbloud, where I am, yeace, and a gaping fellowe:

For all your dagger, wert not for your ging,

I would knocke my whipsstocke on your adde head.

Come out with the monster, Robin.

Within. I come, I come, helpe mee the scrats.

Col. He gee her the lash: come out pee bearded witch.

Bring forth Ely, with a yarde in his hand, and linnen cloath, drest like a woman.

Ely. Good fellowes let mee goe, there's gold to dzinke.

I am a man, though in a womans weedes.

Ponders Prince Iohn, I pray pee let mee goe.

Qu. What rude cōpantons haue we ponder Salisbury?

Col. Shall we take his money?

2. Col. No, no; this is the thiefe that robd master nichels, and came in like a woman in labour; I warrant pee.

Salf. Who haue pee here, honest colliers?

2. Col. A monster, a monster: a woman with a bearde, a man in a petticoate. A monster, a monster.

Salf. What my good Lord of Ely, is it you?

The down-fall of ROBERT

Ely is taken, here's the Chaunceloz.

1. Col. Pray God wee be not hangd for this trickes!

Qu. What my good Lozd?

Ely. I, I, ambitious Ladie.

Prin. Who, my Lozd Chauncelour?

Ely. I, you proud vsurper.

Sals. What, is your surplesse turned to a smock?

Ely. Peace Salisbury, thou changing weathercocke.

Chest. Alas my Lozd, I grieue to see this sight.

Ely. Chester, it will be day for this darke night.

Fitz. Ely, thou wert the foe to Huntington:

Robin thou knewest, was my adopted sonne:

O Ely, thou to him wert too too cruell,

With him fled hence Matilda, my faire Jewell:

For their wrong Ely, and thy haunie pride,

I helpt earle Iohn: but now I see thee lowe,

At thy distresse, my heart is full of woe,

Qu. Needes must I see Fitzwaters ouert hower

Iohn, I affect him not, he loues not thee,

Remouue him Iohn, least thou remouued bee.

Prin. Pother, let mee alone: by one and one,

I will not leaue one, that enuies our good.

By Lozd of Salisbury, giue these honest colliers,

For taking Ely, each a hundred markes,

Sals. Come fellowes, goe with mee.

Col. Chanke yee faich: farewell monster.

Exeunt Salisbury, colliers.

Prin. Sheriffe of Kenc, take Ely to your charge,

From Shreue to Shreue, send him to Noringham:

Where Warman, by our Patent, is high Shreue.

There as a traitoz let him be close kept,

And to his triall wee will follow straight.

Ely. A traitoz, Iohn?

Pr. Ioh. Doe not expostulate.

You at your trial shal haue time to prate. Exeunt cū Ely.

Fitz.

Firz. God for thy pittie, what a time is here?
Pri. Right gracious mother, wold your self & Chester
Would but withdrawe you for a little space,
While I conferre wth my good Lord Fitzwater.

Qu. My Lord of Chester, will you walke aside?
Che. Whether your Highnesse please, thither I will.

○ Exeunt Chester, Queene.

Prin. Souldiers, attend the person of our mother, Exeūt.
Noble Fitzwater, now wee are alone,
What oft I haue desir'd, I will increate,
Touching Macilda, fled with Huntington.

Firz. Of her what wold you touch? Touching her flight,
She is fledde hence with Robert, her true knight.

Prin. Robert is outlawed, and Macilda free.

Why throught his fault, should she exiled be?

She is your comfort, all your ages blisse.

Why should your age, so great a comfort misse?

She is all Englands beautie, all her pride.

In forren lands, why should that beautie hide?

Call her againe Fitzwater, call againe

Guilelesse Macilda, beauties soueraigne.

Firz. I graunt prince Iohn, Macilda was my loy,

And the faire sunne, that kept old winters frost,

From griping deade the marrowe of my bones.:

And she is gone, yet where she is, God wote,

Aged Fitzwater truly guesseth not:

But where she is, there is kinde Huntington:

With my faire daughter, is my noble sonne.

If he may neuer be recald againe,

To call macilda backe it is in vaine.

Prin. Liuing with him, she liues in bitious state,

For Huntington is excommunicate:

And till his debts be paid, by Romes decree,

It is agreed, absolu'd he can not be:

And that can neuer be. So neuer wife,

But in a loath'd adul'terous beggers life,
Must faire mailde liue: this you may amend,
And winne Prince Iohn your euer during friend.

Fitz. As how, as how?

Prin. Cal her from him: bring her to Englands Court,
Where like faire Phoebe, she may sit as Queene,
ouer the sacred Honourable matrs,
That doe attend the royall Queene, my mother.
There shall shee liue a Princes Cynthia,
And Iohn will be her true Endimion.

Fitz. By this construction, she should be the Poone,
And you would be the man with in the Poone.

Prin. A pleasant exposition, good Fitzwater:
But if it fell so out, that I fell in,

You of my full toyes should be chiefe partaker.

Fitz. Iohn I defie thee: by my Honours hope,
I will not beare this bale indignitie:

Take to thy tooles. Thinkst thou a Noble man
Will be a Pandar to his proper child?

For what intendst thou else? seeing I knowe,
Carle Clepstones daughter is thy married wife.

Come, if thou be a right Plantaginet,
Drawe and defende thee: oh our Ladie helpe
True English Lords, from such a tyrant Lord.

What, dost thou thinke I least? Nay by the Roode,
He loose my life, or purge thy lustfull bloode.

Prin. What my olde Ruffian, lye at your wardes
Haue at your froward bosome, olde Fitzwater.

Fight: Iohn falls, Enter Queene, Chester, Salisbury
hastily.

Fitz. O that thou werte not Royal Richards brother,
Thou shouldst here die in presence of thy mother.

Iohn rises, all compass Fitzwater, Fitzwater chafes.
What is he by? Nay Lords, then giue vs leaue.

Chest. What meanes this rage Fitzwater?

Qu.

Earle of Huntington.

Qu. Lay hands upon the Bedlam, traitorous wretch.

Prin. Nay hale him hence: & heare you old Fitzwater?
See that you stay not five daies in the Realmes:
For if you doe, you die remedlesse.

Fitz. Speak Lords, do you confirme what he hath said?

All. He is our Prince, and he must be obaid.

Fitz. Harken earle Iohn, but one word will I say.

Prin. Ioh. I will not heare thee, neither will I stay.

Thou knowest thy time. Exit.

Fitz. Will not your Highnesse heare?

Qu. No: thy Matilda robb mee of my deare. Exit.

Fitz. I aided thee in battell Salisbury,

sall, Prince Iohn is moord, I dare not stay with thee,
Fitz. Gainsst thee and Ely, Chester, was I foe?

And dost thou stay to aggrauate my woe?

Chest. No, good Fitzwater, Chester doth lament

Thy wrong, thy sodaine banishment.

Whence grue the quarrell twixt the Prince and thee?

Fitz. Chester, the diuell tempted old Fitzwater,

To be a Pandar to his only daughter,

And my great heart (impatient) forst my hand,

In my true Honours right to chalenge him.

Alas the while, wrong will not be repourd.

Chest. Farewell Fitzwater: where soere thou bee,

By letters, I beseech thee, send to mee. Exit.

Fitz. Chester, I will, I will.

Heauens turne, to good, this woe, this wrong, this ill.

Exit.

Enter Scathlocke and Scarlet, winding their hornes at
seuerall doores. To them enter Robin Hood, Matilda
all in greene, Scathlockes mother, Much, little Iohn, all
the men with bowes and arrowes.

Rob. Widowe, I wish thee homeward now to wend:

Least Warman's malice worke thee any wrong.

The down-fall of Robert

Wid. Paster I will, and mickle good attend
On thee, thy loue, and all these peomen strong.
Mar. Forget not widowe, what you promise mee.
Much. O I mistresse, for gods sake lets haue linny.
Wid. You shall haue linny sent you w all speede.
Sonnets farewell, and by your mothers reede,
Loue well your master: blessing euer fall
On him, your mistresse, and these peomen tall. Exit.
Much. God be with you mocher, haue much minde I
pray on Much, your sonne, and your daughter linny.
Rob. And once moze, toly huntsmen, all your horns:
Whose hill sound, with the ecchoing woods assitt,
Shall ring a sad knell for the fearefull Deere,
Befoze our feathered shafts, deaths winged darts,
Bzing sodaine summons for their fatall ends.
Scar. Its ful seauen yeares since we were outlawed first,
And wealchy Sherewood was our heritage:
For all those yeares we raigned vncontrolde:
From Barnsdale Hogs, to Nottingham red cliffes,
At Blithe and Tickhill were we welcome guests.
Good George a Greene at Bradford was our friend,
And wanton Wakefields Pinner lou'd vs well.
At Barnsley dwels a Potter tough and strong,
That neuer brookt, we bzyethen should haue wrong.
The Nunnes of Farnsfield, pretty Nunnes they bee,
Gau napkins,hirts, and bands to him and mee.
Bateman of Kendall, gaue vs Kendall greene,
And Sharpe of Leesdes, sharpe arrowes for vs made:
At Rotheram dwelt our bowyer, God him blisse,
Iackson he hight, his bowes vid neuer misse.
This for our good, our scathe let Scathlocke tell,
In merry Mansfield, how it once befell.
Scath. In merry Mansfield, on a wrestling day,
Prizes there were, and peomen came to play:
By byoether Scarlet and my selfe were twaine:



Earle of Huntington.

Many resisted, but it was in vaine,
For of them all we wonne the mastery,
And the gilt wreathes, were giuen to him and mee.
There by sir Doncaster of Hethersfield,
Wee were bewzaid, beset, and forst to yeld:
And so hozne bound, from thence to Notingham,
Where we lay doom'd to death, till Warman came.

Rob. Of that enough. What cheere my dearest loue?
much. O good cheare anone sir, he shall haue venison
her bellyfull.

Mat. Macilda is as ioyfull of thy good,
As ioy can make her: how fares Robin Hood?

Rob. Well my macilda, and if thou agree,
Nothing but mirth shall waitte on thee and mee.

mat. O God, how full of perfect mirth were I,
To see thy grieffe turnd to true iollitic!

Rob. Giue me thy hand; now gods curse on me light,
If I forlake not grieffe, in griefes despyght.

Much, make a cry, and peomen stand yee round:

I charge yee neuer moze let woefull sound

Be heard among yee; but what euer fall,

Laugh grieffe to scozne, and so make sorowes small.

Much, make a cry, and loudly little Iohn.

Much. O God, O God, helpe, helpe, helpe, I am vndoone,
I am vndoone.

Ioh. Why how now Much? peace, peace, you roaring
flaue.

Much. My master bid mee cry, and I will cry till hee
bid me leaue; Helpe, helpe, helpe: I may will I.

Rob. Peace much; reade on the Articles good Iohn.

Ioh. First, no man must presume to call our master,
By name of Earle, Lord, Baron, Knight, or Squire:
But simply by the name of Robin Hood.

Rob. Say peomen, to this order will ye yelde?

All. We yeld to serue our master Robin Hood.

¶

Iohn

The down-fall of Robert

John. Next tis agreed (if thereto hee agree)
That faire Mailda henceforth change her name,
And while it is the chance of Robin Hoode,
To live in Sherewodde a poore outlawes life,
She, by maids marians name, be only cald,
mar. I am contented; reade on little Iohn,
Henceforth let me be nam'd maids Marian.

Ioh. Thirdly no yeoman, following Robin Hoode
In Sherewod, shall vse widowe, wife, oz maid,
But by true labour, lustfull thoughts expell.

Rob. How like yee this?

All. Pastur, we like it well.

mar. But I cry no to it. What shal I do wth myny then?
Scar. Peace much; goe forwarde with the orders, fel-
lowe Iohn.

John. Fourthly, no passenger with whom ye meete,
Shall yee let passe till hee with Robin feasts
Except a Poast, a Carrier, oz such folke,
As vse with foode to serue the market townes.

All. An order which we gladly will obserue.

Ioh. Fifthly, you neuer shall the poore man wrong,
Nor spare a Priest, a vsurer, oz a clarke.

mar. For a faire wench, meete we her in the darke.

John. Lastly, you shall defend with all your power,
Maids, widowes, Orphanes, and distressed men.

All. All these wee vowe to keepe, as we are men.

Rob. Then wend ye to the Greenewod merrily,
And let the light Koes bootlesse from yee runne.

Marian and I, as Soueraignes of your toyles,
Will wait, within our bower, your bent bowes spoiled
much. Ile among them master.

Exeunt winding their hornes.

Rob. Marian, thou seest though courely pleasure want,
Yet country spoze, in Sherewodde is not scant:
For the soule-rauishing delicious sound

Earle of Huntington.

Of instrumentall musique, we haue found
The winged quiristers, with diuers notes,
Sent from their quaint recording prettie throats,
On euey bzaunch that compasseth our bowler:
Without commaund, contenting vs each hower,
For Arras hangings, and rich Tapestry,
We haue sweete natures best imbroythery.
For thy Steele glasse, wher ein thou woultst to looke,
Thy Christall eyes, gaze in a Christall brooke.
At Court, a flower of two did decke thy head:
Now with whole garlands is it circled.
For what in wealth we want, we haue in flowers,
And what wee loose in halles, we finde in bowers.

mar. Marian hath all, sweete Robert, hauing thee;
And guesstes thee as rich, in hauing mee.

Rob. I am inbedde:

For hauing thee, what comfozt can I neede?

mar. Goe in, goe in.

To part such true loue Robin, it were sinne, Exeunt.

¶ Enter Prior, sir Doncaster, Frier Tucke.

Pri. To take his bodie, by the blessed Roode,

Twould doe me moze, than any other, good.

Don. 'Tis an vnchrist, still the Churchmens foe,

An illend will betide him, that I knowe.

Tw as hee that brg'd the king to selle the clergie,

When to the holy land he tooke his iorney:

And he it is that rescued those two theues,

Scarlet and Scathlocke; that so manie grieues

To Churchmen did: and now they say,

Hee keepes in Sherewod, and himselte poth play

The lawlesse Rener: heare you, my Lorde Prior,

He must be taken, or it will be wrong.

Pri. I, and he shall bee to.

Tuc. I, I, soone sen: But ere he be, many wil lie deade:

Except it be by sleight.

The down-fall of Robert

Don. I there, there, Frier.

Tuck. Giue mee my Lozd your execution.

The widowe Scarlets daughter, louely linny,
Loues, and is belou'd of much the millers sonne,
If I can get the girle to goe with mee,
Disguis'd in habit, like a Pedlers moze,
He serue this Execution, on my life,
And single out a time alone to take
Robin, that often carelesse walkes alone.
Why? answere not, remember what I saide,
Vnder I see comes linny, that faire maide:
If wee agree, then back me soone with aide.

¶ Enter linny with a fardle.

Prior. Tuck if thou doe it,

Don. Wray you doe not talke.

As we were strangers, let vs carelesse walke.

In. Now to the greene wodde wend I, god me speede.

Tuck. Amen faire maid, and send thee, in thy neede,
Much, that is hozue to doe thee much good deeds.

In. Are you there Frier: nay then yfaith we haue it.

Tuck. What wenche? any loue?

In. I, gee't mee when I craue it.

Tuck. Unaskt I offer, pze thee Sweete girle take it.

In. Gifes stinke with pzoffer, soh Frier, I lozlake it.

Tuck. I will be kinde.

In. Will not your kindnesse kill her?

Tuck. With loue?

In. You cogge.

Tuck. Cut girle I am no miller: heate in your eare.

Don. The Frier courts her.

Pri. Tush, let him alone,

He is our Ladies Chaplaine, but serues Ione.

Don. Then, from the Friers fault perchance, it may be
The pzouerbe grew, Ione's taken for my Ladie.

Pri. Peace good sir Doncaster, list to the end.

linny

Earle of Huntington.

In. But meane yee faith and troth, shall I go weye?

Tuck. Upon my faith, I doe intend good faith.

In. And shall I haue the pinnes and laces too,

If I heare a Pedlers packe with you?

Tuck. As I am holy Frier, linny thou shalt.

In. Well, there's my hand, see Frier you do not halt,

Tuck. Goe but befoze into the mtry mead,

And keepe the path that doth to Farnsfield lead:

He into Suchwell, and buy all the knacks,

That shall fit both of vs for Pedlers packes.

In. Who be they two that ponder walke, I prey?

Tuck. linny, I knowe not, be they what they may,

I care not for them, pry thee doe dot stay:

But make some speede, that we were gone away.

In. Well Frier, I trust you that we go to Sherewod.

Tuck. I by my heads, and vnto Robin Hoode.

In. Make speede good Frier. Exit linny,

Tuck. linny, doe not feare,

Lozd Pzios, now you heare

As much as I; get mee two Pedlers packes,

Points, laces, looking glasses, pinnes and knackes:

And let sir Doncaster with some wight lads,

Followe vs close: and ere these foxtie howers,

Upon my life, earle Robert shall be ours.

Pri. Thou shalt haue any thing, my dearest Frier,

And in amends, Ie make thee my subprior.

Come good sir Doncaster, and if wee thzine,

Wecle stolicke with the Nunnes of Leeds belue.

Exeunt.

¶ Enter Fitzwater, like an olde man.

Fitz. Well did he wzite, and mickle did he knowe,

That saith this woꝝlvs felicitie was woe,

Which greatest states can hardly vndergoe.

Whilom Fitzwater in faire Englands Court,

Possess felicitie and happie state:

The down-fall of Robert

And in his hall blithe fortune kept her spoze:
Which glee, one howze of woe did ruinate.
Fitzwater once had castles, townes, and towers,
Faire gardens, oz chards, and delightfull bowers:
But now no garden, oz chard, towne, no tower
Hath pooze Fitzwater left within his power.
Only wide walkes are left mee in the world,
Which these stiffe limmes wil hardly let me tread:
And when I sleepe, heaucns gloriovs canopy
Doe and my mottle coutech doth ouer-spreade.
Of this, iniurious Iohn can not bereaue mee,
The aire and earth he (while I liue) must leaue mee.
But from the English aire and earth, pooze man,
His tyranny hath ruthlesse thee exil'd:
Yet ere I leaue it, Ile do what I can,
To seee *Matilda*, my faire lucklesse childe:

Curtaines open, *Robin Hoode* sleepe on a greene
banke, and *Marian* strewing flowers on him,

And in good time, see where my comfozt stands,
And by her eyes delected huntington.
Looke how my flower holds flowers in her hands,
And flings those sweetes, byon my sleeping sonne.
Ile close mine eyes as if I wanted sight,
That I may see the end of their delight.

Goes knocking with his staffe.

Mar. What aged man art thou: oz by what chance,
Camst thou thus farre into the waillesse wodde?

Fitz. *Widowe* oz wife, oz maiden if thou be,
Lend mee thy hand: thou seest I cannot see.
Blessing betide thee, little feelest thou want:
With mee, good childe, foode is both hard and scant.
These smooch euen vaines, assure mee he is kinde,
What ere he be, my girl, that thee doth finde.
I pooze and olde am rest of all earths good,
And desperately am crept into this wodde,

Earle of Huntingdon.

To seeke the pooze mans patron, Robin Hoodes
mar. And thou art welcome, welcome aged man,
I ten times welcome, to maid Marian,
Sit downe olde father, sit and call me daughter.
O God, how like he lookes to olde Fitzwater! Runs in.
Fitz. Is my Matilda cald maid Marian?
I wonder why her name is changed thus.

Brings wine, meate.

Mar. Here's wine to cheere thy hart: drink aged man,
There's venison and a knife, here's manchets fine:
Drinke good old man, I praye you drinke more wine.
My Robin stirres, I must sing him a sleepe.

Rob. Nay, you haue wak't me marian wth your talke.
What man is that, is come within our walke?

Mar. An aged man, a silly sightlesse man,
Neere pin'd wth hunger: see how fast he eates.

Rob. Much good may't doe him. Neuer is good meate
All spent on such a stomacke. Father proface:
To Robin Hood thou art a welcome man.

Fitz. I thanke you master. Are you Robin Hood?

Rob. Father, I am.

Fitz. God giue your soule much good,
For this good meate maid Marian hath giuen mee.
But heare you master, can you tell mee newes,
Where faire matilda is, Fitzwaters daughter.

Rob. Why? here she is, this marian is shee.

Fitz. Why did she chaunge her name?

Rob. What's that to thee?

Fitz. Yes, I could weepe for grieffe that it is so:
But that my teares are all dreyed wth woe.

Rob. Why? shee is cald maid marian, honest friend,
Because she liues a spotlesse maiden life:
And shall, till Robins outlawe life haue ende,
That he may lawfully take her to wife;
Which, if king Richard come, will not be long:

THE DOWN-TAIL OF ROBERT

Foz, in his hand is power to right our wrong.

Fitz. If it be thus, I toy in her names change,
So pure loue in these times is very strange.

mat. Robin, I thinke it is my aged father.

Rob. Tell mee old man, tell me in curtelle,
Are you no other than you seeme to be?

Fitz. I am a wretched aged man, you see:
If you will doe mee ought foz charitie,
Further than this, sweete, doe not question mee.

Rob. You shall haue your desire, but what be these?

¶ Enter Frier Tucke, and Linny, like Pedlers,
singing.

What lacke ye? what lacke ye? what is ye will buy?

Any points, pins, oz laces, any laces, points oz pins?

Fine gloues, fine glasses, any buskes, oz masks?

Oz any other prettie things?

Come cheape foz loue, oz buy foz money.

Any cony cony skins, (buy.

Foz laces, points, oz pins? faire maids come chuse oz

I haue prettie pocking tricks,

And many other tricks, come chuse foz loue, oz buy
foz money.

Rob. Pedler, I pze thee set thy packe downe here:
marian shall buy, if thou be not too deare.

Tuck. linny, vnto thy mistresse shewe thy packe,
Watter foz you I haue a pretty knacke:
From farre I brought it, please you see the same.

¶ Enter Frier like a Pedler, and Linny, sit Doncaster,
and others weaponed.

Fri. Sir Doncaster, are not we Pedler like?

Don. Yes, passing fit, and ponder is the bowler:
I doubt not wee shall haue him in our power.

Fri.



Earle of Huntington.

Fri. You and your companie were best stand close,

Don. What shal the watchword be to bring vs forth?

Fri. Take it I pray, though it be much more worth.

When I speake that aloude, be sure I serue

The execution presently on him.

Don. Frier, looke too.

Fri. Now linny to your song.

Sings.

¶ Enter Marian, Robin.

Mar. Pedler, what prettie toys haue you to sell?

Fri. Linny, vnto our mistresse shewe your ware.

Mar. Come in good woman.

Exit.

Fr. Master, looke here, and God giue care,
So mote I thee, to her and mee, if euer wee, Robin to
thee, that art so free, meane treachery.

Rob. On Pedler to thy packe,
If thou loue mee, my lone thou shalt not lacke.

Fri. Master, in bytise, there is a cheefe, that seekes
your grieffe, God send reliefe, to you in neede: for a soule
neede, if not with speede, you take good heede, there is
decreede.

In yonder brake, therelies a snake, that meanes to
take, out of this wodde, the yeoman good, calde Ro-
bin hoode.

Rob. Pedler, I pray thee be more plaine: what brake?
what snake? what trappe? what traue?

Fri. Robin, I am a holy Frier, sent by the Ptoz, who
did mee hire, for to conspire thy endlesse moe, and ouer-
throwe: but thou shalt knowe, I am the man, whome
little Iohn, from Notingham, desir'd to be, a clarke to
thee; for hee to mee, saide thou wert free, and I did see,
thy honestie, from gallowe tree, when thou didst free
Scablocke and Scarlet certaine.

Rob. Why then it seemes that thou art Frier Tucke.

Fri. Master, I am,

Ⓞ

Rob.

The down-fall of Robert

Rob. I pray thee frier say,

What treachery is meant to mee this day?

Fri. First winde your hozne; then drawe your sword:
hee winde his hozne.

Foz I haue giuen a friers worde,
To take your bodie prifoner:
And yeld you to fir Doncafter,
The enuious Priest of Hotherfield:
Whose power your bushe wodde doth stelde:
But I will die, ere you shall yeld,

¶ Enter litle Iohn, &c:

And sith your peomen doe appeare,
Ile giue the watchword without feare:
Take it I pray thee, though it be moze worth.

Rushe in Doncafter with his crue.

Don. Smite down, lay hold on outlawed Humington.

Iohn. Soft hot spurs priest, tis not so quickly done.

Don. Now out alas, the frier and the maide
Haue, to false theues, fir Doncafter betraide.

¶ Enter Iohn crowned, Queene Elianor, Chester, Sals-
bury, Lord Prior, sit downe all, Warman stands.

Ioh. As Gods Vicegerent, Iohn ascends this throne,
His head impal'd with Englands Diademe,
And in his hand the awfull rodde of rule,
Giuing the humble, place of excellence,
And tot he lowe earth, casting downe the proude.

Qu. Such vpright rule, is in each Realme allowed.

Iohn. Chester, you once were Elies open friend,
And yet are doubtfull whether he deserue
A publicke trial for his priuate wrongs.

Chest. I still am doubtfull, whether it be fit
To punish priuate faults with publicke shame,
In such a person as Lord Ely is.

Prior,

Earle of Huntington.

Prior. Ves Honorable Chester, moze it fits
To make apparant, sinnes of mightie men,
And on their persons sharply to correct
A little fault, a very small defect;
Than on the poore, to practise chastisement,
For if a poore man die, or suffer shame,
Only the poore and vile respect the same:
But if the mightie fall, feare then belets
The proud hartes of the mightie ones, his mates
They thinke the world is garnished with nets,
And trappes ordained to intrappe their states,
Which feare, in them, begets a feare of ill,
And makes them good, contrary to their will.

John. Your Lordship hath said right: Lord Salisbury,
Is not your minde as ours, concerning Ely?

Sal. I iudge him worthy of reproofe and shame.

John. Warman, bying forth your prisoner, Ely the
And w^h him, bying the seale that he detains. Chancellor,
Warman, why goest thou not?

War. Be good to mee my Lord.

John. What hast thou done?

War. Speake for mee my Lord Prior.

All my good Lords, intreate his Grace for mee.
Ely, my Lord

John. Why? where is Ely Warman?

War. Fled to day, this mistie morning he is fled away.

Io. O Iudas, whom noz friend, noz foe may trust,
Thinkest thou with teares and plaints to answer this?

Doe I not knowe thy heart? doe not I knowe,

That bybes have purchast Ely this escape?

Neuer make anticke faces, neuer beude,

With fained humbleste, thy skill crouching knee:

But with fixt eyes, vnto thy doome attend.

Willane, Ile plague thee for abusing mee:

Goe hence, and henceforth neuer set thy foote

The down-fall of Robert

In house or fielde, thou didst this day possesse.
Marke what I say, aduise thee to looke too't,
Or else be sure thou diest remedilesse.
Nor from these houses see that thou receiue
So much as shall sustaine thee for an houer:
But as thou art, goe where thou canst get friends,
And hee that feedes thee, be mine enemy.

War. O my good Lord.

Ioh. Thou thy good Lord betrayest,
And all the world for money thou wilt sell.

War. What saies the Queene?

Q. Why thus I say:

Betray thy master, thou wilt all betray.

War. My Lords, of Chester and of Salisbury?

Both. Speake not to vs, all traitors we desie.

War. Good my Lord Priour.

Pri. Alas, what can I doe?

War. Then I desie the worlde: yet I desire
Your Grace would read this suppl. cation.

John reads.

Ioh. I thought as much: but Warman dost thou thinke
There's one moning line to mercie here?
I tellet ee no; therefore away, away:
A shamefull death followes thy longer stay.

War. O poore poore man!

O miserable, miserablest wretch I am.

Exit.

Ioh. Confusion be thy guide: a bawler slaue
Earth cannot beare, plagues followe him I craue.
Can any tell mee if my Lord of Yorke
Be able to sit vp.

Qu. The Archbishoppes Grace

Was reasonable well euen now, good some.

Salf. And he desir'd mee that I should desire
Your Maiestie to send vnto his Grace,
If any matter did importe his presence,

John.

Earle of Huntington.

Ioh. Wee will our selues steppe in and visite him.

Mother, and my good Lords, will you attend vs?

Prior. I gladly will attend your Maestie.

Iohn. Now good Lord helpe vs:

When I saide good Lords,

I meant not you Lord Prior: Lord I know you are:

But good, God knowes, you neuer meane to bee.

Exeunt Iohn, Queene, Chester, Salisbury.

Prior. Iohn is incens'd, and very much I doubt

That villane Warman hath accused mee,

About the scape of Ely: well, suppose he haue:

Whats that to mee? I am a Cleargie man.

And all his power, if hee all extend,

Cannot preuaile against my holy order:

But the Archbishopbes Grace is now his friend,

And may perchance attempt to doe me ill.

Enter a seruing man.

What newes with you Sir?

Ser. Euen beaute newes my Lord: for the light fire

Falling, in manner of a fier Drake,

Upon a barne of yours, hath burnt six barnes,

And not a strike of corne reseru'd from dust.

No hand could saue it, yet ten thousand hands,

Labour'd their best, though none for loue of you:

For euery tongue with bitter curling hand,

Pour Lordshippe as the viper of the land.

Prior. What meane the villanes?

Ser. Thus and thus they cride;

Upon this churle, this hoorder by of corne,

This spoyler of the Earle of Huntington,

This lust-defiled, mercilesse false Prior,

Heauen raig'neth vengeance downe in shape of fier.

Old wiues that scarce could with their crouches creep,

And little babes, that newly learnde to speake,

Open matter lesse that chozough want did weepe,

The down-fall of Robert

All in one voice, with a confus'd cry,
In execrations band you bitterly,
Plague followe plague, they cry, he hath vndone
The good Lord Robert, Earle of Huntington:
And then

40 *vi*: What then, thou villane? Get thee from my sight.
They that with plagues, plagues wil vpon them light.

¶ Enter another seruant.

Pri. What are your tidings?

Ser. The Couent of Saint Maries are agreed,
And haue elected, in your Lordshippes place,
Olde father Ierome, who is stald Lord Prior,
By the newe Archbisshoppe.

Pri. Of Poyke thou meanst.

A vengeance on him, he is my hopes foe.

Enter a Herald.

H: Gilbert de Hood late Prior of Saint Maries,
Our Soueraigne Iohn commandeth thee by mee,
That presently thou leaue this blessed land,
Defiled with the burden of thy sinne.
All thy goods tempoꝛall and spirituall,
(With free consent of Hubert Loꝛde Yorke,
Primate of England and thy Ordinary)
He hath suspended, and vow'd by heauen,
To hang thee vp, if thou depart not hence,
Without delaying or more question:
And that he hath good reason for the same,
He sends this writing firm'd with Warman's hand,
And comes himselfe: whose presence if thou stay,
I feare this Sunne will see thy dying day.

Pri. O, Warman hath betrayd mee: woe is mee.

¶ Enter Iohn, Queene, Chester, Salisbury.

Ioh. Hence with that Prior, strra do not speake,
My eyes are full of wrath, my heart of wraake:
Let Lester come: his hank hart, I am sure,

Earle of Huntington.

Will checke the kingly course we undertake,

Exeunt cum Prior.

Enter Lester, drumme and Ancient.

Iho. Welcome from warre thrice noble earle of Lester:
Unto our Court, welcome most valiant earle.

Lest. Your Court in England, & king Richard gone,
A king in England, and the king from home:

This sight and salutations are so strange,
That what I should, I know not how to speake.

Ioh. What would you say? speake boldly, we intreat.

Lest. It is not feare, but wonder barres my speach;

I muse to see a mocher and a Queene,

Two Peeres, so great as Salisbury and Chester,

Sit and support proud vsurpation,

And see king Richards crowne, woꝛne by earle Iohn.

Qu. He sits as viceroy and a substitute.

Chest. He must and shall resigne when Richard comes.

Sall. Chester, he will without your must and shall.

Lest. Whether he will or no, he shall resigne.

Ioh. You knowe your own will Lester, but not mine.

Lest. Tell me among ye, where is reuerent Ely,

Lest by our dreade king, as his deputie?

Iohn. Banisht he is, as proud vsurpers should.

Lest. Pride then, belike, was enemy to pride:

Ambition in your selfe, his Fate enuied.

Where is Fitzwater, that old honoured Lord?

Ioh. Dishonourd and exil'd, as Ely is.

Lest. Exil'd he may be, but dishonourd neuer:

He was a fearelesse souldier, and a vertuous scholler,

But where is Huntington, that noble youth?

Chest. Andoone by spot.

Lest. Ah, the greater ruth.

Iohn. Lester, you question more than doth become you:

On to the purpose, why you come to vs.

Lest. I came to Ely, and to all the State,

The down-fall of Robert

Sent by the king, who thzee times sent befoze,
To haue his ranfome brought to Austria:
And if you be elected deputie,
Doe as you ought, and send the ranfome money.

Ioh. Letter, you see I am no deputie:
And Richard's ranfome if you doe require,
Thus wee make answer: Richard is a king,
In Cyprus, Acon, Acres, and rich Palestine:
To get those kingdomes England lent him men,
And many a million of her substance spent,
The very entrails of her wombe was rent.
No plough but paid a share, no nee by hand,
But from his pooze estate of penurie,
Unto his voyage offered moze than mites,
And moze, pooze soules, than they had might to spare:
Yet were they ioyfull. For still flying newes,
And tyng I perceiue them now to be,
Came of king Richards glorious victozies,
His conquest of the Souldans, and such tales,
As blewe them vp with hope, when he recutnd,
He would haue scattered gold about the streetes.

Lest. Doe Princes fight for gold? O leaden thought!
Your father knewe, that honour was the aime
Kings leuell at: by sweete Saint Iohn I swear,
You vrge mee so that I cannot forbear.
What doe you tell of money lent the king,
When first he went into this holy warre?
As if he had extorted from the pooze,
When you, the Queene, and all that heare me speake,
Know with what zeale the people gaue their goods:
Olde wiues tooke siluer buckles from their belts,
Young maids the gilt pins that tuckt vp their traines,
Children their prettie whistles from their neckes,
And euery man what he did most esteeme,
Crying to souldiours; Weare these gifts of ours.

This

Earle of Huntington.

This prooues that Richard had no neede to wrong,
Or force the people, that with willing hearts
Gave more than was desir'd. And where you say,
You guesse Richards victories but lies:
I sweare he wan rich Cyprus with his sworde:
And thence, more glorious than the guide of Greece,
That brought so huge a flecte to Tenedos,
He saild along the Mediterran sea:
Where on a Sunbright morning he did meete
The warlike souldiours, well prepared flecte.
O still mee thinkes I see king Richard stand,
In his guilt armour staind with Pagans blood,
Upon a gallies prow, like warres fierce God,
And on his crest, a Crucifix of golde.
O that dales honour can be neuer tolde:
Six times six seuerall Bizandines he boarded,
And in the greedie waues flung wounded Turkes,
And thzee times thzee the winged Gallies bankes,
(Wherein the Souldans sonne was Admirall)
In his owne person royall Richard smooch'd,
And left no heathen hand to be vphear'd
Against the Christian souldiers.

John. Lester, so:

Did he all this?

Lest. I by God hee did,

And more than this; nay least at it Iohn:

I sweare hee did, by Lesters saich hee did,

And made the greene sea red with Pagan blood,

Leading to Ioppa, glorious victory,

And following feare that fled vnto the foe.

John. All this hee did, per chance all this was so.

Lest. Holy God helpe mee, souldiers come away:

This carpet knight sits carping at our scars,

And leasts at those most glorious well fought warres.

Joh. Lester, you are too hot: stay, goe not yet:

The down-fall of Robert

We thinke, if Richard wonne these victozies,
The wealthie kingdomes, he hath conquered,
May better than pooze England pay his ranfome:
We left this Realme as a young orphane maid,
To Ely, the shepfather of this state,
That stript the virgine to her very skinne:
And Lester, had not lohn moze carefull bin (bin.
Than Richard, at this hower, Englād had not Englād
Therefore good warlike Lord, take this in brieve:
We wish king Richard well,
But can send no reliefe.

Lest. O, let not my heart breake wth inward grieffe.

Ioh. Yes let it Lester, it is not amisse,

That twenty such hearts breake, as your heart is.

Lest. Are you a mother: were you Englands Ducene?

Were Henry, Richard, Gefferrey (your sonnes)

All sonnes, but Richard, sunne of all those sonnes?

And can you set this little meteor,

This ignis Fatuus, this lame wandring fire,

This Goblin of the night, this bzand, this sparke,

Seeme througħ a lantorne, greater than he is?

By heauen you doe not well, by earth you doe not.

Chester, no; you, no; you eate Salisbury,

Ye doe not, no yee doe not what yee should.

Q. Were this Beare loose, how he wold tear our mawes?

Che. Wale death & vengeance dwel within his iawes.

Sal. But we can muzzle him, and binde his pawes,

If king Iohn say we shall, wee will indeede.

Ioh. Doe if you can.

Lest. Its well thou hast some feare:

No curres, ye haue no teethe to baite this Beare.

I will not bid mine ensigne bearer waue

By tottered colours in this worthlesse aire,

Whicħ your vile bzeaches vilely contaminate.

Beare, thou hast bene my Auncient bearer long,

And

Earle of Huntington.

And borne by Letters Beare in fozen lands:
Yet now resigne these colours to my hands.
For I am full of griefe, and full of rage.
Iohn, looke vpon mee, thus did Richard take
The coward Austrias colours in his hand,
And thus he cast them vnder Acon walles,
And thus he trod them vnderneath his feete.
Rich colours, how I wrong ye by this wrong!
But I will right yee: Beare, take them againe,
And keepe them euer, euer them maintaine.
We shall haue vse for them I hope, ere long.

Ioh. Darest thou attempt thus proudly in our sight?

Lest. What ist a subiect dares, that I dare not?

Sals. Dare subiects dare, their Soueraigne being by?

Lest. O God, that my true Soueraigne were ny.

Qu. Lester, he is.

Lest. Hadam, by God you ly.

Chest. Unmanners man.

Lest. A plague of reuerence,

Where no regard is had of excellence. Sounddrum.

But you will quit mee now; I heare your drummes,

Your principallitie hath stir'd vp men,

And now ye thinke to muzzle vp this Beare:

Still they come nearer, but are not the neare.

Ioh. What drums are these?

Sals. I thinke some friends of yours

Prepare a power to resist this wrong.

Lest. Let them prepare; for Lester is preparede,

And thus he wooes his willing men to fight;

Souldiers, yee see king Richards open wrong,

Richard that led yee to the glorious East,

And made yee treade vpon the blessed land,

Where he, that brought all Christians blessednesse,

Was borne, liued, wrought his miracles, and died,

From death arose, and then to heauen ascended;

The down-fall of Robert

Whose true religious faith ye haue defended.
Yee fought, and Richard taught yee how to fight,
Against prophane men, following Mahomet:
But if ye note, they did their kings their right,
These moze than beathen, sacrilegious men,
Professing Christ, banish Christs champion hence,
Their lawfull Lord, their homeborne Soueraigne,
With petty quarrels, and with slight pretence,

¶ Enter Richmond, souldiers.

O let me be as hozt as time is hozt,
For the arm'd foe is now within our sight.
Remember how gainst ten, one man did fight,
So hundreds against thousands, haue hozne heads:
You are the men that euer conquered.
If multitudes oppresse ye that ye die,
Lets sell our liues, and leaue them valiantly:
Courage, vpon them, till wee cannot stand.

Ioh. Richmond is yonder.

Qu. I, and sonne, I thinke,
The king is not farre off.

Chest. Now heauen forsend.

Lest. Why smite ye not, but stand thus cowardly?

Rich. If Richmond hurt good Lester, let him die.

Lest. Richmond, O pardon mine offending eye,
That tooke thee for a foe; welcome deare friend;
Where is my Soueraigne Richard? Thou and he
Were both in Austria: Richmond, comfort mee,
And tell mee where he is, and how he fares.
O, for his ransome, many thousand cares
Haue mee afflicted.

Rich. Lester, he is come to London,
And will himselfe to faithlesse Austria,
Like a true king, his promisd ransome beare.

Lest. At London satt thou Richmond, is he there?
Farewell, I will not stay to tell my wrongs,

Earle of Huntington.

To these pale coloured, hartlesse, guiltie Lords.
Richmond, you shall goe with mee, doe not stay,
And I will tell you wonders by the way.

Rich. The king did doubt you had some injury,
And therefore sent this power to rescue yee.

Lest. I thanke his Grace. Hadam adieu, adieu.
He to your sonne, and leaue your shade with you.

Exeunt.

Ioh. Marke how he mocks mee, calling me your shade.
Chester and Salisbury, shall wee gather power,
And keepe what we haue got.

Chest. And in an hower,
Be taken, iudg'd, and headed with disgrace.

Salisbury, what say you?

Sal. My Lord, I bid your excellence adieu.
I, to king Richard, will submit my knee,
I haue good hope his Grace will pardon mee.

Chest. And Salisbury, He goe along with thee.
Farewell Queene mother, fare you well Lord Iohn.

Ioh. Mother, stay you,

Qu. Not I sonne, by Saint Anne,

Ioh. Will you not stay?

Qu. Goe with me: I will doe the best I may,
To beg my sonnes forgiuenesse of my sonne. Exit.

Iohn. Goe by your selfe. By heauen twas long of you,
I rose to fall so soone. Lester and Richmonds true,
They come to take me. Now too late I rue
My proud attempt: like falling Phaeton,
I perish from my guiding of the sunne.

Lest. I will goe backe yfaith once moze and see,
Whether this mock-king and the mother Queene,
And: who: heres neither Queene nor Lord.
What, king of Crickets, is there none but you? (right:
Come off, off: this crowne, this scepter are king Richards.

The down-fall of Robert

Beare thou them Richmond, thou art his true knight.
You would not send his ransome, gentle Iohn:
He's come to fetch it now. Come wily Fox,
Now you are stript out of the Lyons case,
What, dare you looke the Lyon in the face?
The English Lyon, that in Austria,
With his strong hand, puld out a Lyons heart.
Good Richmond tell it mee; for Gods sake doe:
Oh, it does mee good to heare his glories tolde.

Richm. Lester, I saw king Richard with his fist,
Strike deade the sonne of Austrian Leopold,
And then I sawe him, by the Dukes commaund,
Compass and taken by a troope of men,
Who led king Richard to a Lyons denne,
Opening the dooze and in a pained court,
The cowards left king Richard weaponlesse.
Anone comes for the the fier-eye deeadfull beast,
And with a heart-amazing voice he roarde,
Opening (like hell) his iron toothed iawes,
And stretching out his fierce death-threatning pawes,
I tell thee Lester, and I smile thereat,
(Though then, God knowes, I had no power to smile)
I stood by treacherous Austria all the while:
Who in a gallery, with iron grates,
Staid to beholde king Richard made a prey.

Lest. What wast, thou smilest at in Austria?

Rich. Lester, he shooke, so helpe me God, he shooke,
With very terrour, at the Lyons looke.

Lest. Ah coward: but goe on what Richard did?

Rich. Richard about his right hand wound a scarfe
(God quit her for it) giuen him by a maide,
With endlesse good may that good deede be paid,
And thrust that arme downe the deuouring throat
Of the fierce Lyon, and withdrawing it,
Drewe out the strong heart of the monstrous beast.

And

Earle of Huntington.

And left the senselesse bodie on the ground.

Lest O Royall Richard/ Richmond, looke on Iohn:
Does he not quake in hearing this discourse?
Come, we will leaue him Richmond, let vs goe,
Iohn, make sute for grace, 'tis your means you knowe.

Exeunt.

Ioh. A mischief on that Lester: is he gone?
I were best goe too, leaft in some mad fit,
He turne againe, and leaue me prisoner.
Southward I dare not flie:aine aaine I would,
To Scotlaud bend my course:but all the wooddes
Are full of Outlawes, that in Wendall greene,
Followe the outlawed earle of Huntington,
Well, I will cloath my selfe in such a sute,
And by that meanes aswell scape all pursuite,
As passe the daunger-tyreatning Huntington:
For hauing many outlawes they thinke mee,
By my attire, one of their mates to be.

Exite.

¶ Enter Scarlet, Iohn, and Frier Tucke.

Fri. Scarlet and Iohn, so God me saue,
Do minde vnto my heades I haue:
I thinke it be a lucklesse day;
For I can neither sing, nor say,
Nor haue I any power to looke,
On Portasse, or on Pastius booke.

Scar. What is the reason, tell vs Frier?

Fri. And would yee haue mee be no lper.

Ioh. No: God defend that you should lie,
A Churchman be a lper:tie.

Fri. Then by this hallowed Crucifire,
The holy water, and the pire,
It greatly at my stomacke sticke,
That all this day we had no guelle,
And haue of meate so many a melle.

The down-fall of Robert

Much bring out *Ely*, like a country man with
a basket.

Much. Well: and ye be but a market, ye are but a market man.

Ely. I am sure sir, I doe you no hurt, doe I?

Scar. Wee shall haue company, no doubt:

My fellowe much hath founde one out.

Fri. A for, a for: as I am Frier,

Much is well wortie of good hire.

Ioh. Say Frier soothly knowest thou him?

Fri. It is a wolfe in a sheepes skinne.

Goe call our master, little Iohn,

A glad man will he be anone:

It's *Ely* man, the Chanceloz.

Ioh. Gods pittie looke vnto him, Frier. Exit *Ioh*.

Much. What, ha ye egges to sell old fellowe?

Ely. I sir, some fewe, and those my neede constraines
mee beare to Mansfield,

That I may sell them there, to buy me bread.

Scar. Alas good man: I praye the where dost dwell?

Ely. I dwell at Oxen str.

Scar. I knowe the towne.

Much. Alas pooze fellow, if thou dwell with *Oren*,
It's strange they doe not goze thee with their hoznes.

Ely. Masters, I tell yee truly where I dwell,

And whether I am going; let mee goe:

Your master would be much displeas'd I knowe,

If he should heare, you hinder pooze men thus.

Fri. Father, one word with you befoze we part.

Much. Scarlet, the Frier will make vs haue anger all:
Farewell, and beare me witnessse, though I sta'd him,
I sta'd him not:

An olde fellowe, and a market man? Exit.

Fri. Whooop! In your riddles much: then we shall ha'r,

Scar. What dost thou Frier: praye thee let him goe.

fri.

Earle of Huntington.

Fri. I pry the Scarlet let vs two alone.

Ely. Frier, I see thou knowest me, let me goe:
And many a good turne I to thee will owe.

Fri. My masters seruice bids me answer no:
Yet loue of holy churchmen wils it so.

Well, good my Lord, I will doe what I may
To let your holinesse escape away:

¶ Enter Robin.

Here comes my master, if he question you,
Answer him like a plaine man, and you may passe.

Ely. Thankes Frier.

Fri. O, my Lord thinkes mee an Ass.

Rob. Frier, what honest man is there with thee?

Fri. A silly man, good master. I will speake for you:
Stand you aloofe, for feare they note your face.

Master in plaine, it were but in vaine, long to detaine,
With toyes a with bables, with fond fained fables: but
him that you see, in so mean degree, is the Lord Ely, that
helped to exile you, that oft did reuile you. Though in his
fall, his traine be but small, and no man at all, will giue
him the wall, nor Lord doth him call: Yet he did ride,
on Jennets pide, and knightes by his side, vid foote it
each tide: O see the fall of pride.

Rob. Frier, enough.

Fri. I pray sir let him goe,
He is a very simple man in howe,
He dwelles at Oxen, and to vs doth say,
To Hansfield market he doth take his way.

Ioh. Frier, this is not Hansfields market day.

Rob. What would hee sell?

Fri. Egges sir, as he saies.

Rob. Scarlet, goe thy waies, take in this olde man,
Fill his skinne with venison:

And after giue him money for his egges.

Ely. No sir I thanke you, I haue promised them

I

To

The down-fall of Robert

To master Bailies wife of Mansfield, all.

Rob. Nay sir you doe me wrong:

No Bailly, no; his wife shall haue an egge.

Scarlet, I say, take his egges, and giue him money.

Ely. Pray sir,

Fri. Tush, let him haue your egges.

Ely. Faith I haue none.

Fri. Gods pittie, then he will finde you soone.

Scar. Here are no egges, no; any thing but hay.

Nes by the masse, here's somewhat like a scale. (scale)

Rob. O God, my Princes scale, faire Englands royall

Tell mee, thou man of death, thou wicked man,

How camst thou by this scale: wilt thou not speake?

Bring burning irons, I will make him speake.

For I doe knowe the poore distressed Lord,

The kings Vicegerent, learned reuerend Ely,

Flying the fure of ambitious Iohn,

Is murdyed by this peasant. Speake vile man,

Where thou hast done thrice Honorable Ely?

Ely. Why dost thou grace Ely with stiles of Grace,

Who thee with all his power sought to disgrace?

Rob. Belike his wisdom sawe some fault in mee.

Ely. No I assure thee Honorable earle:

It was his enuie, no defect of thine,

And the perswasions of the Prior of Wyke,

Which Ely now repents; see Huntington,

Ely himselte, and pittie him, good sonne.

Rob. Alas for woe, alack that so greate state

The malice of this world should ruinate,

Come in great Lord, sit downe and take thy ease,

Receiue the scale and pardon my offence,

With me you shall be safe and if you please,

Till Richard come, from all mens violence:

Aged Firzwater, banished by Iohn,

And his faire daughter shall conuerse with you:

Earle of Huntington.

I and my men that me attend vpon,
Shall giue you all that is to Honour due.
Will you accept my seruice, noble Lord?
Ely. Thy kindnesse diues me to such inward shame,
That for my life, I no reply can frame.
Goe, I will followe, blessed maist thou bee,
That thus releu'st thy foes in miserie. *Exeunt.*

Ioh. Skelton, a woide or two beside the play,
Fri. Now sir Iohn Elcam, what ist you would say;
Ihon. He thinks I see no teasts of Robin Hoode,
No merry Hoices of Frier Tuck,
No pleasant skippings by and downe the wodde,
No hunting songs, no courling of the Backe:
Pray God this Play of ours may haue good lucke,
And the kings Maestie mislike it not.

Fri. And if he doe, what can we doe to that?
I promist him a Play of Robin Hoode,
His honozable life, in merry Sherewod;
His Maestie himselte suruaid the plat,
And had me boldly wryte it, it was good.
For merry teasts, they haue bene showne before,
As how the Frier fell into the Well,
For loue of Tunny that faire bonny bell:
How Greeneleaf robd the Shyene of Notingham,
And other mirthfull matter, full of game.
Our play expresses noble Roberts wrong,
His milde forgetting trecherous iniurie:
The Abbots malice, rak't in cinders long,
Breakes out at last with Robins Tragedie.
If these that heare the histoite reheart,
Condemne my Play when it begins to spring,
He let it wither while it is a budde,
And neuer shewe the flower to the King.
Iohn. One thing beside; you fall into your vaine,
Of ribble rabble rimes, Skeltonicall,

The down-fall of Robert

So oft and stand so long, that you offend.

Fr. It is a fault I hardly can amend

O how I chaunge my tongue to talke these tearmes,

I doe forget oft times my friers part:

But pull mee by the sleue when I errede,

And you shall see mee mend that fault indeede.

¶ Theretofore still sit you, both Skelton i ncreat you,

While he faced wil bycelsely repeate you, the history al;

And tale tragical, by whose treachery, and base iniury,

Robin the good, calde Robin Hood, died in Sherewodde:

Which till you see, be rul'd by me, sit patiently, & giue

a plaundice, if any thing please yee. Exeunt.

¶ Enter Warman.

War. Banisht from all, of all am I bereft,

No moze than what I weare, vnto me left,

O wretched, wretched grieffe, deservfull fall:

Striving to get all, I am rest of all:

Yet if I could a while my selfe relieue,

Till Ely be in some place settled,

A double restitution should I get,

And these sharpe sorowes that haue toy supprest,

Should turne to toy with double interest.

¶ Enter a gentleman, Warmans cosin.

And in good time, here comes my cosin Warman,

Whome I haue often pleasur'd in my time:

His house at Bingham I bestow'd on him:

And theretofore doubt not, he will giue me house-rooms.

Good euen good cosin.

Cos. O cosin Warman, what good newes with you?

War. Whether so farre a foot walk you in Sherewod?

Cos. I came from Roheram, and by hither Farnsfield

My horse did tire, and I walkt home a foote.

War. I doe beseech you cosin at some friends,

Or at your owne house for a weeke or two,

Giue me some succour.

Cos.

Earle of Huntington.

Col. What succour say you?
Kosir. I heard at Mansfield how the matter stands,
How you have iustly lost your goods and lands,
And that the Princes indignation
Will fall on any that relieues your state:
Away from mee, your trecheries I hate:
You when your noble master was vndoone
(That honourable minded Huntington)
Who forwarde than you, all to distraine:
And as a wolfe that chafeth on the plaine,
The harmlesse hinde: so wolfe-like you pursued
Him and his seruants: vile ingratitude,
Damnd Iudaisme, false toong, abhorred trechery,
Impious wickednesse, wicked impietie.
Out, out vpon thee, loe, I spit at thee.

War. Good colen.

Col. Away, He spurne thee if thou followe me. Exit.

War. O iust heauen, how thou plagu'st iniquitie!
All that he has, my hand on him bestowed:
My master gaue mee all I euer owed:
My maister I abus'd in his distresse:
In mine, my kinsman leaues me comfortlesse.

¶ Enter Iayler of Nottingham, leading a dog.

Here comes another, one that yesterday
Was at my seruice, came when I did call,
And him I made Iayler of Nottingham,
Perchance some pittie dwelles within the man:
Iayler, well met, dost thou not know me man?
Iay. Yes, thou art Warman; euery knaue knowes thee.

War. Thou knowest I was thy master yesterday.

Iay. I, but tis not as it was, farewell, goe by.

War. Good George relieue my bitter misery.

Iay. By this fleshe and bloode I will not,

So if I do, the diuell take me quicke.

I have no money: begger balk the way.

War. I doe not aske thee money.

The down-fall of Robert

Iay. Wouldst ha meate?

War. Would God I had a litle bzeade to eate?

Iay. Soft, let me feele my bagge. O heare is meate,
That I put vp at Redford for my dogge,
I care not greatly if I giue him this.

War. I pze thee doe?

Yet let me searck my conscience for it first:
By dogge's my seruant, faithfull, trustie, true:
But Warman was a traitor to his Lord,
A reprobate, a rascal, and a Iewe,
Worse than dogges, of men to be abhorrd.
Heaue thererefoze Warman, dogge receiue thy due;
Followe me not, least I belabour you,
You halfe-fac't goat, you thicke-cheekt chittiface,
You Iudas, villane, you that haue vndoone
The honourable, Robert, earle of Huntington. Exie.

War. Worse than a dogge, the villane me respects,
His dogge hee feedes, mee in my neede reiects.

What shall I doe? ponder I see a shed,
A litle cottage, where a woman dwelles,
Whose husband I from death deliuered:
If she denie mee, then I faint and die.

O goodwife Tomson?

Wo. What a noyle is there?

A foule shame on yee: is it you that knockt?

War. What, doe you knowe mee then?

Wo. Whoop, who knowes not you?

The beggerd banisht thriene of Notingham,
You that betraid your master, ist not you?
Yes, a shame on you: and forsooth ye come,
To haue some succour here, because you sawd,
By vnthrift husband from the gallowe tree.
A por vpon yee both: would both for me,
Were hangd together; but soft, let mee see:
The man lookes faint: feelest thou indeede distresse?

War.



Earle of Huntington.

War. Doe not mocke me in my heaunesse.

Wo. Indeede I doe not: well I haue wishin,
A caudle made, I will goe fetch it him.

War. O blessed woman, comforteable woꝝd:
Be quiet intrals, you shall be releen'd:

Wo. Here Warman, put this hēpen caudle oꝛe thy head:
See downward, ponder is thy masters walke,
And like a Judas, on some rotten tree,
Hang by this rotten trunk of miserie:
That goers by, thy wretched end may see.
Stirr it thou not villane: get thee from my doozes:
A plague vpon thee, haste and hang thy selfe,
Runne roge away: tis thou that hast vndone
Thy noble master, earle of huntington.

War. Good counsell, and good comfort by my faith:
Thre Doctors are of one opinion,
That Warman must make speede to hang himselfe:
The last hath giuen a caudle comforteable,
That to recure my griefes is strong and able:
Ile take her medicine, and Ile chuse this way,
Wherein she saith my master hath his walke:
There will I offer life for trechery,
And hang, a wonder to all goers by.
But loft what sound hermonious is this?
What birds are these, that sing so cheerefully,
As if they did salute the flowing spring?
Fitter it were, with tunes more dolefully
They shriekt out sorrowe; than thus cheerely sing.
I will goe seeke sad desperations cell:
This is not it, for here are greene-leaue trees.
Ah for vne winter-bitten bared bough,
Whereon, a wretched life, a wretch would leese:
O here is one: thrice blessed be this tree,
If a man curses, may a blessing giue

¶ Enter old Fitzwater.

The down-fall of Robert

But out alas, ponder comes one to me,
To hinder death, when I detest to liue.

Fitz. What woefull voice heare I within this wode? A
Wretch is there complaines of wretchednesse?

War. A man, old man, bereau'd of all earths good,
And desperately seekes death in this distresse.

Fitz. Seeke not for that which will be here too soone,
At least if thou be guiltie of ill deedes.

Where art thou sonne? come and neerer sit,
Heare wholsome counsell, gainst vnhalloved thoughts.

War. The man is blinde. Duffle the eye of day,
Ye gloomie clouds (and darker than my deedes,
That darker be than picchie sable night)

Duffer together on these high topt trees,
That not a sparke of light thorough their sprays,
May hinder what I meane to execute.

Fitz. What dost thou mutter? heare mee woefull man.

¶ Enter *Marian*, with meate.

mar. God morrowe father.

Fitz. Welcome louely maide,
And in good time, I trust you hither comes
Looke if you see not a distressefull man,
That to himselfe intendeth violence:
One such euen now was here and is not farre:
Seeke I beseech you, saue him if you may.

mar. Alas here is, here is a man enrag'd,
Fastning a halter on a withered bough,
And stares vpon mee, with such frighted looks,
As I am fearefull of his sharpe aspect. (see.

Fitz. What meane thou wretch? say, what ist thou wilt

War. As Iudas did, so I intend to doe.

For I haue done alreadie as he did:
His master he betraid: so I haue mine.
Faire mistresse looke not on me with your blessed eyne.

From

From them as from some excellence diuine,
Sparkles sharpe iudgement, and commaunds to speede:
Faire, fare you well: foule fortune is my fate:
As all betraiers, I die desperate.

Fitz. Soft sir, goe Marian call in Robin Hood:
Tis Warman woman, that was once his steward.

Mar. Alas, although it be, yet saue his life:
I will sende helpe vnto you presently. Exit.

Fitz. Nay Warman stay, thou shalt haue thy will.

War. Art thou a blinde man, and canst see my shame?
To hinder treachers, God restoreth sight,
And giueth infants tongues to cry aloude,
A wofull woe against the trecherous.

¶ Enter Much running.

Much. Hold, hold, hold. I heare say, my fellowe War-
man is about to hang himselfe, and I make some speede
to saue him a labour. O good matter Justice Shriue,
haue you execution in hand, and is there such a murcen
among theeues and hangmen, that you play two parts
in one? For old inguaintance, I wil play one part: The
knot vnder the eare, the knitting to the tree: Good ma-
ster Warman, leaue that worke for mee.

War. Dispatch me Much, & I will pray for thee.

Much. Nay keepe your praiers, no bodie sees vs.
He takes the rope, and offers to clime.

Fitz. Downe sirra, downe: whether a knaues name
clime you?

Much. A plague on ye for a blinde sinklanker: would
I were your watch: you are much blinde yfaith, can hit
for right.

¶ Enter little Iohn.

Iohn. What master Warman, are yee come to picke
A true account for your falle stewardshippe?

¶ Enter Sarlet and Scablocke.

Scab. Much, if thou meanst to get a hundred pound,
Present vs to the shreues of Notingham.

Much

Much. *Halle,* I thinke there was such a purclamination,
Come my small fellowe Iohn,

You shall haue halfe, and therefore bying in one.

Iohn. No, my big fellow, honest master Much.

Take all vnto your selfe, ile be no halfe.

much. Then stand, you shall be the two theeues, and
I will be the presenter.

O master Shzieue of Notingham,

When eares vnto my tydings came

(He speake in prose, I misse this verse vilely) that
Scathlock and Scarlet were arrested by Robin Hood my
master, and little Iohn my fellowe, and I Much his ser-
uant, and taken from you master Shzieue, being well
fozward in the hanging way, wherein yee now are (and
God keepe yee in the same) & also y^e you master Shzieue
would giue any man in towne, cite, or contrey, a hun-
dred pound of lawfull arrant money of Englande, that
would bying y^e same two theeues, being these two: now
I, the said Much, chalenge of you the saide Shzieue,
byingting them, the same money.

Scar. Faith, he can not pay thee, much.

much. I, but while this end is in my hand, and that a-
bout his necke, he is bound to it.

Enter Robin, Ely, Marian.

War. Mock on, mock on: make me your teasting game,
I doe deserue much moze than this small shame.

Rob. Disconsolate and pooze detected man,
Cast from thy necke that shamefull signe of death.

And liue for mee, if thou amende thy life,

As much in fauour as thou euer didst.

War. O worse than any death,

When a man, wrongd, his wronger pittieeth.

Ely. Warnian, be comforted, rise and amend.

On my word Robin Hoode will be thy friend.

Rob. I will indeede: go in, heart-broken man,

Father Fitzwater, pray you leade him in:

Exeunt

EARLE OF HARTINGTON.

Binde marian, with sweete comforts comfort him,
And my tall peomen, as you mee affect,
Upbraide him not with his forpassed life.

Warman, goe in, goe in and comfort thee.

War. O God requite your Honours curtesie.

Mar, Scathlocke or Scarlet, helpe vs some of yee.

Exeunt Warman, marian, Fitzwater, Scathlock, Scarlet,
Much, Enter Frier Tucke in his trusse, without his weede.

Fri. Jesu benedicite, pittie on pittie, mercie on mercy,
misery on misery; O such a sight, as by this light, doth
mee affright.

Rob. Tell vs the matter, pre thee holy Frier.

Fri. Sir Doncaster the Priest, and the proud Prior
Are stript and wounded in the way to Bawrey,
And if there goe not speedie remedie,
Theyll die, theyll die in this extremitie.

Rob. Alas, direct vs to that wretched place:
I loue mine vncke, though he hateth mee.

Fri. My weede I cast to keepe them from the colde,
And linny gentle girle toze all her smocke,
The bodie issue of their wounds to stoppe.

Rob. Will you goe with vs, my good Lord of Ely?

Ely. I will, and euer praise thy perfect charitie.

¶ Enter Prince Iohn, solus, in greene, bowe and arrowes.

Iohn. Why this is somewhat like, now may I sing,
As did the Wakefield Pinder in his note;
At Michaelmas cometh my couenant out,
My master giues me my fee:

Then Robin He weare thy Kendall greene,

And wend to the greene wodde with thee.

But for a name now, Iohn it must not bee,

Alreadie little Iohn on him attends.

Greeneleaf? Nay surely there's such a one alreadie:

Well, He be Wodnet, hap what happen may.

Enter Scathlocke.

The DOWN-FALL OF ROBIN

Here comes a greene cote (good lucke be my guide)
Some sodaine Wilt might helpe me to pzoide.

Scath. What fellow William, did you meete our master?

John. I did not meete him yet my honest friend.

Scath. My honest friend? why, what a terme is here?

My name is Scathlocke, man, and if thou be
No other than thy garments shewe to mee,
Thou art my fellowe, though I knowe thee not.
What is thy name? when wert thou entertained?

Ioh. My name is Woodner, and this very day,
My noble master, earle of Huntington,
Did giue mee both my fee and liuerie.

Scath. Your noble master, earle of Huntington?

He lay a crowne you are a counterfeit,
And that you knowe, lacks money of a Noble,
Did you receiue your liuery and fee,
And neuer heard our orders read vnto you?

What was the oath was giuen you by the Frier?

Ioh. Who? Frier Tuck? Enter Frier Tucke.

Scath. I doe not play the lper:

For he comes here himselve to shew.

John. Scathlocke farewell, I will away.

Scath. See you this arrowe? it saies nay.

Throug both your sides shall fly this feather,
If presently you come not hither.

Fri. Now heauens true liberalitie

Fall euer for his charitie,

Upon the heade of Robin Hoode,

That to his very foes doth good.

Lord God, how he laments the Prior,

And baches his wounds against the ster.

Faire Marian, God requite it her,

Doth euen as much for Doncaster,

Whome newly he hath laine in bed,

To rest his weary wounded head.

Scath. Ho Frier Tuck, knowe you this mate?

EARLE OF HUNTINGTON.

Fri. What's hee?

Scath. He saith my master late,
Gave him his fee and liuery.

Fri. It is a leasing, credit mee.
How chance sir then you were not sworne?

John. What meane this groome and lozell Frier,
So strictly matters to inquire?

Had I a sword and buckler here,
You should aby these questions deare.

Fri. Saist thou me so lad: lend him thine,
For in this bush here lyeth mine:

Now will I try this newcome guest.

Scath. I am his first man, Frier Tuck,
And if I faile and haue no lucke,
Then thou with him shalt haue a plucke.

Fri. Be it so Scathlocke: holde thee lad,
No better weapons can be had:

The dewe doth them a little rust:
But heare yee, they are tooles of trust.

John. Gramercy Frier for this gift,
And if thou come vnto my gift,
Ile make thee call those fellows fooles
That on their foes bestowe such tooles.

Scath. Come let vs too't.

Fight, and the Frier lookes on.

Fri. The youth is deliur and light,
He presseth Scathlocke with his might:

Now by my beades to doe him right,
I thinke he be some tryed knight.

Scath. Stay, let vs bzeath.

Ioh. I will not stay:

If you leaue, Frier, come away.

Scath. I pre the Frier holde him play.

Fri. Frier Tuck will doe the best he may.

Fight. Enter *Marian*.

Mar. Why, what a noyle of swordes is here?

Fellowes, and fight our bower so neere?
 Scath. Distresse, he is no man of yours,
 That fightes so fast with Frier Tucke:
 But on my worde he is a man,
 As good for strength as any can.

Mar. Indeepe hee's moze than common men can be,
 In his high heart there dwels the bloode of kings.
 Goe call my Robin, Scathlock: tis Prince Iohn.

Scath. Distresse I will, I pray part the fray. Exit.

Mar. I pry thee goe, I will doe what I may.
 Frier I charge thee holde thy hand.

Fri. Pay yonker, to your tackling stand.
 What all amozt, will you not fight?

Ioh. I yeld, vnconquered by thy might:
 But by Macildas glonzons sight.

Fri. Distresse, he knowes you: what is hee?

Ioh. Like to amazing wonder she appeares,
 And from her eye, flies loue vnto my heart,
 Attended by suspicious thoughts and feares,
 That numme the vigoz of each outward part:
 Only my sight hath all facietie,
 And fulnesse of delight, viewing her dettie.

Mar. But I haue no delight in you Prince Iohn.

Fri. Is this Prince Iohn?

Giue me thy hand, thou art a proper man,
 And for this moznings worke, by Saines above,
 Be euer sure of Frier Tucks true loue.

Ioh. Be not offended that I touch thy thizne
 Make this hand happie, let it solde in thine.

¶ Enter Robin Hoode, Fitzwater, Ely, Warman.

Rob. What sawtie wodman Marian stands so neere?

Ioh. A wodman Robin, that would strike your deere,
 With all his heart. Pay neuer looke so strange,
 You see this sickle worlo, is full of change:
 Iohn is a ranger, man, compeld to range.

Fitz,

Earle of Huntington.

Fitz. You are young, wilde Lord, & wel may travel bear.

Ioh. What, my olde friende Fitzwater, are you there?

And you Lord Ely: and old best betrult:

Then I perceiue that to this geere we must.

A messe of my good friends, which of you foure

Will purchase thanks by yielding to the King,

The bodie of the rash rebellious Iohn?

Will you Fitzwater?

Fitz. No Iohn, I desie,

To stain my old hands in thy youthfull bloode.

Ioh. You will Lord Ely, I am sure you will.

Ely. Be sure young man, my age means thee no ill.

Iohn. O you will haue the praise, by aue Robin Hood:

The lustie outlawe, Lord of this large wodde,

Dee'l lead a kings sonne, prisoner to a king,

And bid the brother smite the brother deade.

Rob. By purpose you haue much misconstrued:

Prince Iohn, I would not for the wide world's wealth

Incense his Gatekeeper but doe my best,

To mitigate his wrath, if he be mou'd.

Ioh. Will none of you? then here's one I dare say,

That from his childehoode, knowes how to betray:

Warman, will not you helpe to hinder all you may.

War. With what I haue beene, twit me not my Lord.

By olde sins at my soule I doe detest.

Ioh. Then that he came this way, prince Iohn was blest.

Forgiue me Ely, pardon mee Fitzwater:

And Robin, to thy hands my selfe I yeld.

Rob. And as my heart, from hurt I will thee shield:

¶ Enter Much, running.

Mu. Hasten fly, hide ye mistresse, we al shall be taken.

Rob. Why, whats the matter? (of hozles.

Much. The king, the king, & twelue and twenty scoze.

Rob. Peace foolc. we haue no cause from him to fly,

¶ Enter Scarlet, little Iohn.

Ioh. Scarlet and I were hunting on the plains.

THE DOWN-TAIL OF ROBIN HOODE

To vs came royall Richard from his traine
 (For a great traine of his is hard at hand)
 And questiond vs, if we seru'd Robin Hoode:
 I saide wee did: and then his Maiestie,
 Putting this massie chaine about my necke,
 Said what I thame to say, but tope to heare:
 Let Sarlet tell it, it befits not mee.
 Scar. Quoth our good king, thy name is little Iohn,
 And thou hast long time seru'd earle Huntington:
 Because thou leftst him not in miserie,
 A hundred markes I giue thee yearelie fee,
 And from hencefozth, thou shalt a squier bee.
 Much. O Lord what luck had I to runne away?
 I should haue bene made a knight, or a lady sure.
 Scar. Goe, said the king, and to your master say,
 Richard is come to call him to the court.
 And with his kingly presence chase the clouds
 Of grieffe and sorrow, that in mistie shades,
 Haue vaild the honour of earle Huntington,
 Rob. Now God preserve him, hve you backe againe,
 And guide him, leass in by-paths he mistake.
 Much, fetch a richer garment for my father:
 Good frier Tuck, I pre thee rouse thy wits.
 Warman, visit myne vncle and sir Doncaster,
 See if they can come fozth to grace our shoue.
 Gods pittie marian, let your Jinny waste,
 Thankes my Lord Chancelloz: you are well prepar'd,
 And good Prince Iohn, since you are all in greene,
 Disvaine not to attend on Robin Hoode:
 Frolick I pray, I trust to doe yee good.
 Welcome good vncle, welcome sir Doncaster.
 Say, will yee sit, I feare yee cannot stand.
 Pri. Yes, very well.
 Rob. Why, cheerely cheerely then.
 The trumpets, sounds, the king is now at hand:
 Lords, yemen, maids, in decent order stand.

EARLE OF HUNTINGTON

The trumpets sound, the while *Robin* places them.
Enter first, bare-headed, little *John* and *Scarlet*; likewise
Chester, and *Lester*, bearing the sword and scepter; the
King follow crowned, clad in green: after him *Queene*
mother, after her *Salsbury* and *Richmond*, *Scarlet* and
Scathlocke turne to *Robin Hood*; who with all his com-
pany kneele downe and cry.

All. God saue King Richard, Lords preferue your Grace.

King. Thanks all, but chiefly, *Huntington*, to thee.

Arise poore earle, stand vp, my late lost sonne,
And on thy shoulders let me rest my armes,
That haue bene toyled long with heathen warres:
True pillar of my state, right Lord indeede,
Whose honour shineth in the denne of neede,
I am euen full of ioy, and full of woe;
To see thee, glad: but sad to see thee so.

Rob. What I could powze out my soule in prayers,
And praises for this kingly curtesie.

Doe not, O dead Lord, grieue at my lowe estate:

Neuer so rich, neuer so fortunate,

Was *Huntington* as now himselfe he findes.

And to approue it, may it please your Grace,

But to accept such presents at the hand

Of your poore seruant, as he hath prepar'd,

You shall perceiue, the Emperour of the East,

Whom you contended with at Babilon,

Had not such presents to present you with.

King. Art thou so rich? Sweet let me see thy gifts.

Rob. First take againe this Jewell you had lost,
Aged Fitzwater, banished by *John*.

King. A iemme indeede: no Prince hath such a one.

Good, good old man, as welcome vnto mee,

As coole fresh ayze, in heats extremitie.

Fitz. And I as glad to kisse my Soueraignes hand,

As the wrackt swimmer, when he feelles the land.

Qu. Welcome *Fitzwater*, I am glad to see you.

L

Fitz.

Fiz. I thanke your Grace: but let me hug these twain,
Lester and Richmond, Chyistes swoyne champions,
That follow'd Richard in his holy warre.

Richm. Noble Fitzwater, thanks, & welcome both.
Lest, O God how glad I am to see this Lord!
I cannot speake: but welcome at a worde.

Rob. Next take good Ely in your royall hands,
Who fled from death, and most vniuill hands.

Kin. Robin, thy gifts exceede; Mooron my Chancellour!
In this man gettst thou holinesse and honour.

Ely. Indee he giues me, and he gaue me life,
Preseruing me from fierce pursuing foes,
When I too blame, had wrought him many woes:
With me he likewise did preserue this seale,
Which I surrender to your maiestie.

Kin. Keepe it good Ely, keepe it still for me.

Rob. The next faire Jewell that I will presente
Is richer than both these, yet in the soyle,
By gracious Lord, it hath a soule default:
Which if you pardon, boldly I protest,
It will in value farre exceede the rest.

Ioh. That me hemeanes, ysaieth my turne is next,
He calles me fofle, ysaieth I feare a foile.

Well, tis a mad Lord, this same huntington!

Rob. Here is Place Iohn your byother, whose renolt,
And folly in your absence, let me craue,
With his submission may be buried.
For he is now no moze the man he was,
But duetifull in all respects to you.

Kin. Pray God it prooue so. Wel good huntington,
For thy sake pardon'd is our byother Iohn,
And welcome to vs in all heartie loue.

Rob. This last I giue, as tenants do their lands,
With a surrender, to receiue againe,
The same into their owne possession:
No marian, but Fitzwaters chaff Matildas:

The

The precious Jewell that poore ^{Huntington,}
Doth in this world, hold as his best esteeme.
Although with one hand I surrender her,
I holde the ocher, as one looking still,
Richard returns her: so I hope he will.

Kin. Els God forbid: receiue thy Marian backe,
And neuer may your loue be separate,
But flourish fairely to the brmost date.

Rob. Now please my king to enter Robins bower,
And take such homely welcome as he findes,
It shall be reckened as my happinelle.

Kin. With all my heart: then as combined friends,
Goe we togither, here all quarrelles ends. *Exeunt.*

Manet Sir Iohn Elcam and Skelton

S. Ioh. Then Skelton here I see you will conclude.

Skel. And reason good: haue we not held too long?

S. Ioh. No in good sadnesse, I dare gage my life,
Highnesse will accept it very kindly.

But I assure you, he expects withall,
To see the other matters tragicall,

That followe in the processe of the stoie,
Wherein are many a sad accident,

Able to make the strictest minde relent:
I neede not name the points, you knowe them all.

From Marians eye shall not one teare be shed?

Skelton, pfaith tis not the fashion.

The King must greene, the Queene must take it ill:
Ely must mourne, aged Fitzwater weepe,

Prince Iohn, the Lords: his peomen must lament,
And wyng their wofull hands, for Robins woe.

Then must the sicke man fainting by degrees,
Speake hollowe words, and yeld his Marian,

Chast maide Matilda, to her fathers hands:
And giue her, with king Richards full consent,

His lands, his goods, late seizd on by the Prior,

Now by the Priors treason made the kings.

Skel:

THE DOWN-FALL OF SKELTON,
Skelton, there are a many other things,
That aske long time to tell them lineally,
But ten times longer will the action be.

Skel. Sir Iohn, yfaith I knowe not what to doo:
And I confesse that all you say is true.

Will you doe one thing for me, craue the king
To see two parts: say tis a prettie thing:
I know you can doe much, if you excuse mee,
While Skelton liues, Sir Iohn be bolde to vse mee.

S. Ioh. I will perswade the king: but how can you
Perswade all these beholders to content?

Skel. Stay Sir Iohn Elcam; what to them I say,
Deliuier to the king, from mee, I pray.

Well iudging bearers, for a while suspence
Your censures of this Plaines vnfinishe end:
And Skelton promises for this offence,
The second part shall presently be pend:
There shall you see, as late my friend did note,
King Richards reuels at earle Roberts tower,
The purposed mirch, and the perfozmed mone,
The death of Robin, and his murderers.

For interest of your stay, this will I adde,
King Richards voyage backe to Austria:
The swift returned tydings of his death,
The manner of his royall funerall.



Then Iohn shall be a lawfull crowned king,
But to Matilda beare vnlawfull loue.

Aged Firzwaters sinall banishment:

Dispitious end, of power teares to moue
From marble pillars. The Catastrophe
Shall shewe you faire Matildas Tragedie,
Who (Hunning Iohns pursute, became a Nunne,
At Dumwood Abbey, where she constantly
Chose death to saue her spotlesse chastitie.
Take but my word, and if I faile in this,
Then let my paines be baffled with a hiss.

FINIS.





PR Munday, Anthony
2719 The downfall of Robert,
M6D6 Earl of Huntingdon
160lab

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